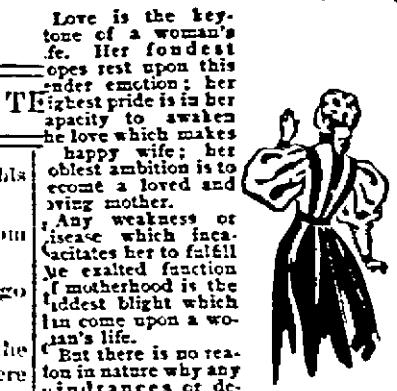


THE NEW NORTH

VOLUME 14. NO. 38.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1896.



The Greatest Sacrifice CLEARING SALE! OF THE SEASON.

We must have money to meet our urgent demands. We have goods. They must be turned into cash at once.

\$20,000

worth of goods to be sacrificed in your favor. Sale commences now. Be on hand to get some of the first Choice Bargains. Everything in our store comes under the hammer of cut prices. Wild excitement will reign while this sale lasts. While you are reading this ad. your neighbor will be on the way to this mammoth, unparalleled

Sale of High Grade Goods

at mid-winter prices. Dry Goods, Cloaks, Notions, Shoes, Carpets and Underwear. Everything that we own must be sold for Cash, as that is what we must have.

CRUSOE'S BARGAIN DEPARTMENT STORE.

New Bank Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

For overcoats at Beers & Co's.

D. H. Vaughn was at Minocqua last week on business.

T. J. Owen was in from his home-stead Monday on business.

Attorney Colman, of Eagle River, was in the city Monday on business.

The Cash Department Store has the very latest designs in stamped linens.

Dave Koontz, of Waupaca, called on his friends in this city Monday and Tuesday.

A gent goes gloveless—a gentleman never does.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

E. F. Darsaw, Soc agent at Prentice Junction, visited friends here over Sunday.

A large crowd attended the dance at the New Grand Opera House last Monday night.

Our clothing fits your body; our prices fit your pocketbook.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

McLean Bros., of this city, have purchased a big invoice of stock from the Interior Lumber Co., of Interior, Mich.

Mrs. Ella Rice returned last week from Minneapolis where she has been visiting relatives for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Sanford, of Merrill, is in the city this week, the guest of her daughters, Miss Lena and Mrs. Ed. Rogers.

Miss Jennie Nims was forced to close her school in the Schurh district last week on account of throat trouble.

Cross-cut saws ginned at the Rhinelander Iron Co. A new apparatus for this purpose enables us to put old says in first-class shape.

E. D. Dimick is fitting Brown Bros' mill office with steam heat this week. The steam will be furnished by the planing mill boilers.

Lawrence Doyle has slabs, an-hard wood for sale. Those wishing anything in the wood line can leave orders at Crane & Fenlon's and he will attend to them.

And still we lead all competition.
BEERS & CO.

Paul Browne spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents at Wau-paca.

Holding old and getting new customers is what goods and prices are doing for Beers & Co.

An elegant line of stamped linens and embroidery silks at the Cash Department Store.

Election is over but you can hear 16 to 1 talked on the streets—16 applicants for 1 postoffice.

W. H. Hamilton has returned from Chicago and Michigan points where he has been for some time.

A. J. Markham, of Winneconne, is visiting his daughters, Mrs. E. G. Squier and Miss Lizzie Markham, here this week.

The young ladies of the Episcopal church are arranging to give a dance at the New Grand Opera House about Nov. 20.

The Town Clerk's report from the Town of Pelican places the total valuation of all property in the town at \$229,082.55.

The largest, the finest and cheapest line of goods ever shown in Rhine-lander, at the Chango Clothing Store of Beers & Co.

John Barnes was in Madison the first of the week arguing the Day vs. Town of Pelican tax case before the supreme court.

J. Y. Potter came up from Chicago last week for a brief visit. He reports making good progress with his studies in medicine there.

Startling! Sure but true that two thirds the corset wearers today are wearing the Henderson corset.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Editor Pierce, of Friendship, Adams County, made this office a pleasant call Monday. Mr. Pierce is the guest of I. N. Tuttle during his visit here.

Fred Gaymen, of the Sixth Ward, moved his family and household goods to Antigo yesterday where he has a situation in one of the factories.

Ladies who have tried them all acknowledge the Henderson corset to be the best.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

C. C. Bronson & Co. have moved their stock of goods one door west of the old location. The new building is much more roomy and much better answers the wants of the firm.

Ladies buy your shoes, rubbers and overshoes of Beers & Co.

S. H. Alban and wife, left for Chi-cago Monday for a week's visit.

A reliable trustworthy Arctic \$1.40, at the Cash Department Store.

O. E. Roberts was in Tomahawk Lake Tuesday where he organized a branch of the Home Forum order.

C. L. Bardeen, of Wausau, was in the city Thursday on business. He is agent for a Wausau cigar house.

W. H. Brady, head sawyer in the Bradley & Kelley mill at McNaughton, was in the city on business Monday.

They can't beat us and one by one they have quit trying. We are bound to undersell all.

BEERS & CO.

Two ladies, belonging to the order of Christian Crusaders, were in the city Monday selling the official paper of their order, The Herald of Salvation. A number of copies were sold.

We acknowledge no competition! The simple, plain talk of the almighty dollar is our great argument.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

B. F. Dorr, the Antigo civil engineer, accompanied by Walter Dewey, of Chicago, are doing a job of surveying in the Town of Pelican this week.

The ladies of St. Augustine's Guild will give an "At Home," at the residence of Mrs. Paul Browne, Saturday Nov. 18 p.m., three to five. All are cordially invited to attend.

John Moen, of the Nelson Lumber & Boom Co., was in the city the first of the week hiring men to work in the Company's camps. One camp is now in and another one will be in operation within two weeks.

The buildings of C. M. Chambers, W. L. Beers and J. W. McCormick were notable for their brilliant illumination Monday night. There was no questioning their fealty to the cause of protection and honest money.

Prices prove our power with the public. CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Read the bargains that Irvin Gray offers you in the New North this week.

If you ever think of underwear, think also of the Cash Department Store.

S. S. Miller was before the supreme court Monday and Tuesday at Madison.

The Baptist ladies will hold a Talent Exposition the first week in December.

It will pay you to look over Gray's ad. The best prices ever put on linens are quoted there.

There has been more commercial men in our city the last week than in any month in the past six.

It's nothing strange that Beers & Co. should be doing a grand business these days. Their prices talk.

Be sure and read Gray's ad. It will post you on prices for the fair sale which begins Monday, Nov. 18.

Chairman Yawkey, of Hazelhurst, was in the city attending the county board meeting Tuesday and Wednesday.

The ground is covered with over a foot of snow which has fallen since Sunday. Sleighing is first-class and a wagon looks very much out of place.

This office takes wood on subscription when it can get it. We have lots of room for it, so don't be afraid of making the proprietors mad by bringing in a load and paying up your subscription.

Thomas L. Cleary, assistant U. S. District Attorney and a deputy U. S. Marshall from Madison were here yesterday with two men charged with selling liquor to the Indians on the Flambeau reservation.

There will be a chicken pie supper and speech in the interest of the Home Forum Benefit Order, at the Baptist church next Saturday evening. Supper from 6 to 8, speech afterward. Supper 25 cents, speech free.

The morning text next Sunday at the Baptist church will be "How long halt ye between two opalons? If God be God serve Him." The evening subject, "The shaken jail, unshackled prisoners, almost a suicide, a jailor made over new."

The last Grand Excursion for 1896 via the "Soo Line" to Minneapolis or St. Paul and return at round trip rate of \$5.00. Tickets on sale Nov. 20 and 21, limited to continuous train passage in each direction, final limit of Monday, Nov. 25. For printed list of splendid attractions see the advertising bills. C. M. CHAMBERS.

The Christian Endeavor exercises at the Congregational church last Sunday evening were well attended and were very interesting. The exercises opened with verses and song by six little girls of the Junior order. Miss Mable Chambers followed with an interesting paper on the foreign missionary field. Miss Austin read a letter from Flora M. Goldard who is teaching the word of Christ to the Chinese. Little Bessie LaPres closed the meeting by reciting oratory verses which pleased everyone.

The Jollification Monday night in honor of the return of good times was a success and was participated in by a large number, many taking part from surrounding towns. The night was a bad one for an affair of the kind, the streets being in bad shape for marching, but for all that every torch was in use and in the line of march men walked four and five abreast. The parade covered the principal streets, starting from the Northwestern depot and winding up at the opera house where an excellent view of the fireworks was obtainable.

Rosa Bonheur leads the life of a recluse in her chateau in the depths of the Forest of Fontainebleau, near Paris. She secludes herself from all, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the editors of the Ladies' Home Journal succeeded in getting a proposition before her that she should write her autobiography for that magazine. After nearly a year's effort they were successful, and once started on her work the great painter found so much interest in it that she made over a dozen special studies and pictures of animals to accompany the text. The autobiographical article, with the valuable unpublished drawings, will appear in the Christmas Journal, together with portraits of Rosa Bonheur as she works in her studio and home.

The Baptist ladies will hold a Talent Exposition the first week in December.

Chas. McIndoe is confined to his bed by illness.

George Whitney was down from Hazelhurst yesterday.

Mrs. Web. Brown left for Chicago Sunday night for a brief visit.

F. J. Vlue, Indian agent at the Flambeau reservation, was here yesterday.

Mrs. E. H. Washburn left yesterday for Oshkosh to visit her daughter, Mrs. Bert Jenkinson.

I. P. Batten, of Wausau, a representative of the Standard Oil Co., was here on business yesterday.

Mrs. G. Burke and two children, of Butte, Montana, stopped over here last Monday on their way to Antigo.

W. H. Chapman and wife, of Tomahawk Lake, were present at the Republican jollification here Monday night.

F. S. Campbell, of Three Lakes, was in the city Monday. He came over to shout his approval of McKinley's election.

A. G. Hunter, superintendent of the box factory, who has been spending several weeks out west, returned last week.

Mrs. E. M. Kemp and daughter Francis left for Wabash, Ind., last week where they will remain until after the holidays.

J. N. Griswold, general traffic agent of the Lehigh & Wabash Dispatch fast freight line, was here looking after patronage yesterday.

Fred Barnes is employed as salesman at the Cash Department Store, the increased volume of business there making an extra man necessary.

Today, at Madison, occurs the wedding of Miss Caroline Upham, youngest daughter of Gov. and Mrs. Upham, and Mr. Phil. Sawyer, grandson of Hon. Philetus Sawyer, of Oshkosh.

I offer my residence and Electric Lighting Plant for sale cheap if taken by Dec. 1, 1896. If not sold by that date I will make some necessary changes in the plant.

G. FAUST.

Dated Rhinelander Nov. 12, '96.

The County Board is in session this week. Settlement was made with Chas. Woodcock, county treasurer, P. M. Mason, superintendent of schools, Fred Peckan, register of deeds and E. C. Sturdevant, clerk of the court.

The Colby and Tilden Iron mines at Bessemer, Mich., are being put in working order after a year of idleness, which threw over 1,000 men out of employment. It is expected that the mines will begin operations next week, and hundreds of iron workers are gladly awaiting the event. Evidence of the return of confidence in this section are plainly to be seen.

The cry of the laborer worthy of his hire, but out of employment, is no longer heard, and in its stead comes the offer of the employer to the workmen. The latter is far more pleasing to the ear of the people.

The bath room annex of the Globe Barber Shop, one door south of Spafford & Cole's store, is now in first-class shape for patronage, and all men who believe in the maxim that cleanliness is next to godliness will do well to call and understand the full meaning of text. Turkish, Roman, alcohol, steam, sea salt and vapor baths can be enjoyed at a nominal price. The equipment for giving these baths is perfect, and Chas. Clifford, manager, guarantees satisfaction. The fact that one may enjoy a Turkish bath here in Rhinelander is a matter for congratulation.

Lewis McBride, of Hazelhurst, who has been one of that bustling little burg's head men almost since the town's name was put on the map, has severed his connection with the Yawkey Lumber Company's hotel at that place and will go into the hotel business for himself at Monmouth, Illinois, a city of ten thousand inhabitants. Lew is a man of worth to any community and will be missed from his old haunts in this section by the men who know him for what he is. He is a loyal Republican and has labored faithfully for the success of his party at all times. Although repeatedly tendered office in the county his name never appeared on the ticket. Mr. McBride has purchased an elegant three-story brick building at Monmouth, furnished and fully equipped for the uses it will be put to. His many friends here wish him unbounded success.

Everyone Will Go

To the Twin Cities and return at the very cheap rates offered by the Soo Line Nov. 19, 20 and 21. The cheap rates are made just at this time so everybody can take advantage of them. Do not miss it. For particulars and printed list of all attractions ask nearest Soo Line agent.

Twin Cities and Return—Cheap.

From all Soo Line stations very cheap rates will be in effect Nov. 19, 20 and 21. Do not miss this chance of the season. Call on nearest Soo Line agent for particulars and printed list of attractions.

Very Cheap Excursion

To the Twin Cities via Soo Line from stations in Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and North Dakota, Nov. 19, 20 and 21. For full particulars and list of attractions, ask nearest Soo Line agent.

Love is the key-note of a woman's life. Her fondest open rest upon this tender emotion; her highest pride is in her capacity to awaken the love which makes happy wife; her noblest ambition is to become a loved and living mother.

Any weakness or disease which incapacitates her to fulfill the exalted function of motherhood is the saddest bane which can fall upon a woman's life.

But there is no reason in nature why arrangements of this kind should continue to exist. Ninety nine times in a hundred they are completely overcome in a perfectly natural and scientific way by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which gives healthy power and capacity to the special organs; reinforces the nerve-centres and makes natural, healthy motherhood possible, safe and comparatively easy.

It makes the coming of baby almost free from pain; gives strength and cheerfulness to the mother, and constitutional vigor to the child. It is the only medicine in the world devised for this one purpose by an educated physician, a skilled and experienced specialist in this particular field of practice.

It does not say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as it has done me a world of good, and has undoubtedly saved my life," writes Mrs. Florence Master, of Corley, Logan Co., Ark. "I miscarried four times, could get no medicine to do me any good, and I added to my misery by trying various remedies." and after taking several bottles of it I made my husband a present of a fine girl. I think it is the best medicine in the world.

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THE STORY TELLER

It was not the only capture, by any means, I had witnessed this astute murderer make, and the despairing faces of the men, robbed of the last hope of escape, the shadow of the criminal's cell already upon them, came into my mind as we rushed past Willesden, and looking backward for a moment through the fatal light, I saw the fateful piece of paper flutter from the detective's hand.

The officials would understand the significance of that scribbled message, and unless Providence miraculously interposed, the man was doomed. To leave the train as it flew through the night at the rate of 50 miles an hour was impossible. One man had done so once, but his body was found, mangled beyond recognition, lying on the track in the morning. There was no escape; and with such passing thoughts I dismissed the matter and concentrated my attention on the work in hand.

Suddenly I was startled by an ejaculation of horror from my mate.

"Look, Ben," he shouted, his eyes starting out from his head, as he gazed into the dim light which surrounded the train like a haze, "the fool will kill himself!"

I turned, and though I prided myself on my steele nerves, the sight that met my eyes sent a cold thrill down my back, and made me lean against the brake for support.

The man had swung himself out of the end of the carriage, and was endeavoring to work his way in face of the terrible back draughts toward us. Every moment I expected to see him torn from his precarious hold and dashed to pieces in the lines, but with the tenacity of a death clung to the handle of the door, while he leaned forward to grasp some new support. Suddenly a distant roar burst on our terrified ears. My mate turned his face as white as milk, and the perspiration standing on his forehead.

"Merciful powers!" he screamed, in a harsh, discordant voice, "the 'up' mail! Heaven have mercy on him!" and he hid his face with his hands, as with a死ening shriek we flew toward each other and crashed past in the darkness, but above the din I fancied I heard the wild scream of terror as the wretched man realized his peril. It was a full minute before I could turn my throbbing head to look behind.

With a feeling of sickness that was new to me I peered through the gloom.

"Thank God!" I ejaculated, fervently, as the blood rushed through my veins once more. There, with his body pressed flat against the oscillating surface, still stood the man who had been so near to an awful death. Slowly he moved his head in our direction, and with an expression of grim resolution he pulled himself together. With bated breath we wondered what he would do next. As far as we could see his way was stopped, but, undeterred, he steadied himself, and, reaching forward, felt round the corner of the coach.

Unexpectedly his hand encountered one of the steps by which the men mount to the roof, and, though we could not see his face distinctly, we fancied he set his lips in a terrible smile of accomplished purpose as he clutched it, and with a despairing effort pulled himself to the end of the footboard and round into comparative safety on to the couplings between the tender and the coach.

"By Jove!" Bill exclaimed, when, at last, the tension removed from his nerves, he could speak. "He's a good plucked 'un, and no mistake; but what's his game, I wonder?"

"The madman is coming on to the engine," I burst out, excitedly, divining his intention as I saw his head appear for a brief instant above the coal.

"Anyhow, we can't see him commit suicide without raising a hand to stop him," he returned, and began to scramble over the coal, where I saw him presently stoop down and grasp the man, dragging him with an almost super-human effort on to the tender, where he sank down utterly exhausted.

Coming forward, my mate threw open the stove hole with the intention of replenishing the fire, and the ruddy glow from the raging furnace within lit up the tender from end to end.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, as my gaze met the haggard face of the rescued delinquent. "Thought I should nab you here, my beauty!" endeavored to exclaim. I was busy getting taken care of, but my mate told me that the man in the carriage struck the detective in the face, and thrust him off the foot-board. His hat flew off in the struggle and fell between the platform and the moving train, but the officer, determined not to lose his quarry, was up again in an instant, and though the carriages were flying past him, he sprang upon the footboard of the last coach, heading not the cries of the excited porters and terrified on-lookers; and just as the train cleared the platform we saw the guard lean forward from the open door, and grasping the man by the arms, assist him into the van.

The fugitive in the first coach saw the detective's disappearance also, and his bloodless face blanched a shade paler.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed my mate, drawing in his breath with a sharp hiss, "that was a narrow shave."

Johnson means to hate that chap somehow, and hate him he will. I wonder what he'll want for. He'll never reach the landing stage this journey, that's a dead cert!"

"No," said I; "they'll have him at Crewe right enough. Poor beggar! He made a desperate fight for it, anyhow!"

The "sleeper," as we called it, was timed straight through to Crewe without a stop, doing the 125 miles in three hours and five minutes. There we left it to another engine which would be waiting to take it, but we should return with the "up" express later in the morning. I knew that as soon as we reached Crewe there would be a crowd of policemen waiting to search the train from end to end. Johnson was up to his work, and the telegraph would be clicking its warning message a moment or two after we had passed through the first station.

ions in the carriage there. I wouldn't give much for your chance."

"But you can help me if you like," he screamed, his eager face upturned, and the haunted expression of a wild animal at bay in his eyes. "Slow up the train a little—you can do it. I've money—I will give you £50—£100—anything you like," and he pulled out a handful of glittering gold.

"It can't be done, I tell you," I replied, shaking myself free from his grasp. "Get up and be a man. You've made your bed, and you will have to lie on it. No man on this earth could get you out of this scrape, so make the best of it."

Seeing that I was immovable, he turned his attention to Bill, and I saw him proffer a handful of gold. My fireman turned his back and buried himself with his duties. "It's no use, matey," I heard him say, "if Ben says it can't be done, it can't; and that's the end on it. I'm sorry for you, for you're a rotting good plucked 'un."

The despairing creature detected the tone of commiseration in Bill's voice, and redoubled his wild entreaties.

"If it could be done, I'd do it," Bill murmured. "I've got a wife and six kids to look after at home, and that brass would come in useful; but there," and he cast his eyes around the tender.

The man had swung himself out of the end of the carriage, and was endeavoring to work his way in face of the terrible back draughts toward us. Every moment I expected to see him torn from his precarious hold and dashed to pieces in the lines, but with the tenacity of a death clung to the handle of the door, while he leaned forward to grasp some new support. Suddenly a distant roar burst on our terrified ears. My mate turned his face as white as milk, and the perspiration standing on his forehead.

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A few minutes later we slowed up at our destination for the night. There they were, just as I had expected. One policeman at the station gates and five or six stationed along the platform.

Before we had quite stopped, out jumped Johnson and rushed up to the train. As the sergeant threw open the door of the compartment Deval had occupied we saw an expression of consternation cross the face of the bewildered detective, but quickly regaining his composure, he superintended the examination with practiced eye. My mate had unfastened the couplings, and we were just off to the sheds when Johnson approached the engine.

"Ben," he queried, anxiously, "did you see anything extraordinary on the way down? I've been sold nicely, and no mistake."

"I don't have time to see anything except signals ahead when I'm in charge of an express," I returned, unceremoniously. "Did you see anything, Bill?"

"Can't say as I did," Bill answered, artlessly. "Have you lost your man, Mr. Johnson?"

"I have," replied the officer. "I expect he dropped off somewhere."

"If he did he's a gone, for certain," said Bill. "We were never under 30 since we left Willesden."

"I'll look along the track for him going back," I remarked. "Are you going on or back with the morning mail?"

"I hardly know," he returned, dismally. "Well, thank you, anyhow. Good night, or, rather, good morning," and he made his way to the telegraph office.

We returned his salutation and steamed off to the sheds.

"What did I tell yer?" said Bill, joyously. "We drop him outside and let him take his chance."

"Ben!" he gasped, wonderingly, his wild eyes encountering mine, as he struggled toward us.

My lips refused to frame the questions that tumultuously arose to them, and my mate silently handed me his can.

"Take a drink," he said, curtly, "and pull yourself together."

I complied readily. The cool draught brought me around somewhat, and I resumed control of the engine.

"Now, Mr. Deval," I shouted, hotly,

"perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the little game you've been playing to-night; but let me tell you, if you think you're furthered your chances of escape, you're wrong."

"Yes, mate," Bill sternly remarked, you haven't done a lot for yourself by coming here."

"Ben," he at last jerked forth, gasping for breath, his bloodshot eyes wandering round the cab and into the darkness as we flew along. "Ben—I've been a fool—you saw the detective on my track—he's in the train now—I've been betting—and, you know—the books at the office—found out this morning—I've fed for my life—but you'll help me give them the slip, Ben?" and the shivering wrists fell down helpless and clasped my knees.

"... talk nonsense, man," I answered, roughly; "what you ask is an impossibility. My duty as a servant of the company is to hand you over to the authorities who will be waiting for you at Crewe; besides, your own sense should tell you there is no place to hide a child here."

"Oh, yes," added my mate, grimly,

"you're every bit as bad off as if you

were sitting on them comfortable couches."

Casted Oil Hair Tonic.

The fashionable coiffure for young women and girls is waved at the sides, where it droops a little. Small combs hold these waves in place. The coil at the back is plaited rather high. Castor oil, pure and simple, is said to be an excellent tonic for the hair, used once a month. It is applied with a small oil and sponge, which is dipped in the oil and rubbed on the scalp, the hair being parted with the fingers.—N. Y. Post.

Worth Trying Again.

"Of course, you understand, Miss Filkins, I am a bachelor from choice."

"Oh, I supposed so, naturally, Mr. Singleman, knowing you as well as I do. But you might try again."

"Try again?"

"Try. Girls are such strange creatures, you know, and she might choose differently the next time.—Chicago Post.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE SUNSHINE WOMAN.

She is Always Welcomed and Blessed as the Flowers in May.

When we come to count over the qualities that endear our friends to us, almost all of us think first of cheerfulness, says a writer in the New Orleans Picayune. Sunshine men or women, who bring a bright thought or word or even a glad smile with them, are always welcome as the first flowers in May. Each heart knoweth its own bitterness, each soul has its own troubles and trials and vexations, and to us turn to the one who can lighten our sadness with the radiance of a cheerful spirit.

Sunshine of the soul is largely a matter of cultivation, for there are few so fortunate as not to have some grief. The selfish sit down and brood over their sorrows. They give themselves up to fits of despondency and moodiness, and are a kind of moral wet blanket on the pleasure of all with whom they come in contact. They tell you their sorrows and bewail you with their tears until it seems there must be a kind of luxury of woe in which they rejoice.

After all, the cheerful spirit is but an example of "that brave attitude toward life" of which Stevenson wrote.

It is the courageous bearing of inevitable burdens; a determination not to fret and not to add to the sorrows of the world the griefs of one's own heart.

A woman who had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing I could give but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would neveradden anyone else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept.

I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let anyone go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

This gospel of happiness is one that every woman should lay to heart. What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has had to fight the hard battle of life knows.

If he is prosperous it is an added joy, but it is in misfortune that shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again!

The mother who lets her children grow up to be moody and discontented, subject to blues and sulks, is failing in her first duty. She is handicapping them in the race of life. Cheerfulness is one of the prime requisites to success and happiness. The sunshiny man or woman has everyone for a friend, for this sad old earth must borrow its mirth; it has scroofs enough of its own.

FLOWER PINCUSHION.

An Elaborate Affair, But by No Means Difficult to Copy.

In recalling some of the pretty and tasteful knick-knacks seen, the flower pincushion appears an elaborate affair, by no means difficult to copy.

The materials required are two dozen sprays of artificial forget-me-nots, two circles of stiff cardboard six inches across, and some gray silk with which to cover them; one circle of cardboard 4½ inches and one of white satin 6 inches across; also some tiny gilt spangles and three-quarters of a yard of narrow tinsel fringe. First cover the two large cards, each with gray silk, interlined, if the silk is poor in quality, with muslin.

Photographs may be tacked behind the clear glass, or the glass left to disclose the contents of the cabinet.

Several shelves may be placed inside these cabinets, the height of these little houses or pagodas varying from 15 to 25 inches.

By cementing cut-glass jewels in the scroll work designs and gilding the woodwork a rich effect is secured.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

Rolled MILK Is More Easily Digested Than the Raw Article.

The Journal of Practical Medicine quotes several articles on the feeding of infants—a subject to the importance of which the profession has only recently awakened. Practical and everyday experience shows that when milk is boiled it is not only more easily digested, but that it has a nutritive value quite equal to the raw article. Experiments undertaken by Dr. C. Chapman, first with kittens and afterward with infants, showed after exhaustive and repeated trials that the kittens fed on boiled milk were "twice again as fat" as those supplied with the raw milk, and that the boiling of milk is the means of preventing the loss of innumerable lives by gastro-intestinal disease. Not only so, but it is more easily digested, and agrees with a far greater percentage of cases than unboiled milk. There is ample authority for this view of the case, but certain points must be attended to, else the results will not be so favorable. First, all the vessels in which the milk is carried, boiled and afterward kept, must be scrupulously clean. Nothing but absolute freedom from dirt will suffice. Then it should never be boiled in an open vessel; this should have a close cover. Lastly, it need not be kept at 212 degrees Fahrenheit for more than 20 minutes. This is sufficient to sterilize and cook it, and no further boiling is necessary.

Simple Cure for Headache.

An apostle of physical culture says that an excellent and never failing cure for nervous headache is the simple act of walking backward.

Ten minutes is as long as is usually necessary to promote.

It sometimes, however, requires more than ten minutes to walk at all if one is very "nervous." But it is not understood that it is necessary to walk a chalk line. Any kind of walking will do, provided it is backward. It is well to get into a long, narrow room, where the windows are high, and walk very slowly, placing first the ball of the foot on the floor, and then the heel.

Besides curing the headache this exercise promotes a graceful carriage.

A half hour's walk backward every day will do wonders toward producing a graceful gait.

NOVELTY IN PINCUSHIONS.

not flower snipped from one of the sprays. This should have a spangle for the center and be caught down very neatly with fine blue silk.

Sprinkle eight other flowers over the white satin, putting them on in the same and leaving plenty of room for pins between them. Run a gathering thread round the edge of the satin. Lay the latter right side downward and fill generously with bran or cotton wool, lastly laying the small circle of card on the top and round this gathering in the draw thread very tightly.

Glue or stitch this white cushion in the center of one of the gray-covered centers, fixing it quite firmly and concealing the outer rim of the cushion with sprays of forget-me-nots. These are sewed down so that each slightly overlaps the former one until a perfect wreath is made.

Sew on the second gray-covered circle, which forms the bottom of the cushion, and edge with a fringe. Raise the forget-me-nots so that these stand up slightly instead of lying quite flat round the cushion.—Chicago Chronicle.

WORTH TRYING AGAIN.

"Of course, you understand, Miss Filkins, I am a bachelor from choice."

"Oh, I supposed so, naturally, Mr. Singleman, knowing you as well as I do. But you might try again."

"Try again?"

"Try. Girls are such strange creatures, you know, and she might choose differently the next time.—Chicago Post.

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WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Marriage to Avert Starvation.

A minister was applied to in Milwaukee by a man and a woman who desired that they should be made man and wife in order that they might not starve. The minister learned that it was the rule of the county poor authorities to help only married men, and the would-be groom was destitute and unable to gain work. He is a widower, and has a six-year-old child dependent on him for support. A young woman, as poor as himself, but able to get work occasionally, has been caring for the child, and to her the father told his story. She at once offered to marry him.

A Small Hurricane.

A small hurricane passed down the river at Appleton, doing much damage to manufacturing plants on the water power and flats. The roofs of the Racine, Vulcan and Tioga paper mills, Atwater pulp mill, old Woolf mill and Valley iron works were damaged. The brick walls of the brewery were blown down and windows blown out at Columbia hall. The damage will reach several thousand dollars. The storm followed the river valley and did little damage on high land, where most of Appleton lies.

Young Parents Divorced.

A decree of divorce has been granted by Judge Bailey in Eau Claire in the case of Emil Ault against Alice Ault on the ground of desertion. The husband is 21 years of age, the wife but 18. They were married four years ago, when he was 17 and she 14, and three children have been born to them. Mr. Ault, it appeared from the evidence, went to Europe and was gone for some time, and on his return he found his spouse had decided not to live with him longer.

Lived More than a Century.

Bernard McQuinlan died at his home in the town of Caledonia. Relatives who went to Racine to make arrangements for his interment stated that he was the oldest man in Wisconsin, giving his age at 100 years and seven months. He was a man of remarkable memory, and could relate with great accuracy incidents that happened 75 and 80 years ago. A wife over 80 years old and two daughters survive him.

Betrayed by His Pension.

Ferry Richardson was arrested in the town of Kendall, charged with the murder of a man named Wilder at Portage 16 years ago. Richardson had lived under an assumed name ever since the alleged crime, but he recently applied for and was granted a pension on his former name. This gave the clew to the Portage officials.

Entire Family Killed.

By the explosion of a can of kerosene oil William Altenbach and his wife and three-months-old baby were burned to death in Milwaukee. In order to bury the fire that was to cook his dinner Altenbach started to pour a portion of the contents of a kerosene can into the stove. An explosion followed, with the result stated.

The News Condensed.

The heirs of the late Abram S. Mitchell, of St. Louis, lost their suit against the Land and River Improvement company of West Superior to recover property in that city valued at nearly \$1,000,000.

An eagle measuring six feet six inches from tip to tip of wings was killed near Medford by Mrs. Frank Powell. The bird had previously attempted to carry off a boy about ten years of age.

George W. Tait, a prominent artist of Racine, died of spinal trouble. He was born in 1859, was a member of the Y. M. C. A., Racine County Caledonian society, and very popular throughout the city.

Louis J. Eachaud, postmaster at Bayfield, was removed by order of the president because of a shortage in his accounts, and Joseph D. Crittenden was appointed postmaster in his place.

Railway detectives arrested a young man giving his name as Markenhan on a charge of having made an attempt to wreck a passenger train about six miles east of Mauston.

Mrs. Adolph Wilson was found dead in her bed at Marinette, Wis. She had been in poor health for some time. Her husband was one of the first white men to settle in Marinette in 1847.

Having lost his bet on election John Nierberg wheeled in a burrow John Meyer a distance of four blocks along a leading thoroughfare.

James Casey gave himself up to the police at Merrimac and is now in jail at Baraboo. He says he murdered a man with a piece of coal by hitting him on the head. The sheriff will investigate.

Lieut. John C. W. Brooks, of the Fourth artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed by the war department as military instructor at the university in Madison, to succeed Lieut. Devol, recently promoted to a captaincy.

The occasion of President Eaton's tenth anniversary as the head of Beloit college was celebrated with a reception given in the library to students, faculty and resident alumni by the senior class.

Miss Stacia Livingston, of Almond, who was elected county superintendent of schools, is the first woman who has ever appeared on any county ticket in Wisconsin.

Iraus G. Clark, a farmer living near Cumberland, deliberately shot and killed his wife in his own house as the result of a quarrel. Clark is under arrest.

The North River Insurance company (fire) of New York city has been admitted to do business in Wisconsin.

Judge A. H. Gost, of the municipal court, and Miss Hattie A. Maxwell, a prominent young lady, were married in Oshkosh.

Charles F. Pfister, of Milwaukee, the friend and business associate of Henry C. Payne, won nearly \$50,000 on the result of the election.

GIVE THANKS.

President Cleveland Issues the usual Thanksgiving Proclamation. Washington, Nov. 5.—The following proclamation has been issued by the President:

"By the President of the United States, the people of the United States should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for His watchful care which has shielded them from dire disaster and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness. Nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts their propensity to turn away from God's teachings and to follow with sinful pride after their own desires. To the end that these thoughts may be quickened, we should join together in approaching the throne of grace with praise and supplication."

Therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 28th day of the present month of November, to be kept and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout our land. On that day let every people forego their usual work and occupation and assemble in their accustomed places of worship, let them with one accord render thanks to the Ruler of the universe for our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from threatened danger; for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries; for our defense against disease and pestilence during the year that has passed; for the plenteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbands and of all other laborers who have been vouchsafed to us. And let us through the mediation of Him who has taught us how to pray implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of Heavenly favor. Let us not forget on this day of thanksgiving the poor and needy; and by deeds of charity accept in the sight of the Lord.

"Witness my hand and the seal of the United States which I have caused to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this fourth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-first.

"—GROVER CLEVELAND.

"—By the President: Richard Olney, Secretary of State."

BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Trade Given an Impetus by the Results of the Election.

New York, Nov. 9.—It. G. Dan & Co. In their weekly review of trade say:

"A great revolution has been effected this week in the conditions which control business. It could not be in any air directly reflected as yet in transactions on records, but there is ample evidence to show that a crushing weight has been lifted and rolled off the business world."

"He's the same cultivated rascal. The fellow is as bald as a door knob!"—Detroit Free Press.

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had long been on Mr. Snaggs' trail, "what is your insuperable objection to insuring your life?" "I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs; "the idea of being more valuable after I am dead than while I am alive is distasteful to me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

PITH AND POINT.

"Jerome," exclaimed a lady to her little son, "what are you throwing to those hens?" "Gold beads, mother, and the foolish things they are worn!"

"Is your baby strong?" "Well, I should say so. He raised the whole family out of bed at three o'clock this morning, and scientists say that that's the hour when everybody's strength is at its lowest point."

"Father—"Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?" "Sister—"Not in the style to which she has been accustomed since we became engaged!"—Detroit Tribune.

A Forced Concert.—"Say, Weary, wot are you walkin' round in yer bare feet?" "I'm tryin' dis yer new Kneipp cure." "Wot fer, Weary?" "Cause some dingblasted snoozie stole me shoes!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No, sah," said the colonel; "I never go hunting, sah. It is cruelty." "But you fish, colonel. Isn't that cruelty, too?" "What is fish?" asked the colonel, in scornful tones; "a creature that has its existence entirely in water, sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Indeed, Miss Rox, you are the only girl I ever loved," began the young man who was trying to propose to the elderly heiress; "I suppose you have had that sort of thing said to you for the past 20 years, but in this instance—Sir!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Same Old Joker.—"Bluely's impudent brother writes that he is in hard times now and that he deserves something better because for every hair in his head he has done some generous and expensive act."

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SELLING TO THE POOR.

Coal by the Peck and Flour by the Sack—Round Pay Big Profits.

The poor are beginning to feel the cruel pinch of winter. The little stores in the tenement districts where fuel is sold now display on the sidewalk in front of their doors baskets of coal ranging in size from a peck to a bushel. The prices of these baskets range from 15 to 50 cents. Beside the baskets are piled little bundles of pine sticks for kindling, and they are sold at three cents each.

These fuel stores are for the most part managed by thrifty men, who have learned that great profits are made by buying coal at four dollars a ton and selling it out in dribs and drabs.

"Folks dat is alles lookin' fo' trouble," said Uncle Elmer, "tha' jes' one ting ter brag about. Den down habby ebber git disappinted."—Washington Star.

CINCINNATI FLYER.

The Monon has put on a fast flyer for Indianapolis and Cincinnati in connection with the C. H. & D. The train leaves Chicago, Dearborn Station, at 11:20 A. M., reaches Indianapolis at 1:37 and Cincinnati at 7:45 P. M., thus making the run, Chicago to Indianapolis, in four hours and forty minutes, and Cincinnati in seven hours and fifty-five minutes. This is the fastest time made between Chicago and Indianapolis and Cincinnati by any line. The "Cincinnati Flyer" is equipped with elegant day coaches, the Monon celebrated high-backed seat, parlor car and dining car. City Ticket Office, 222 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

It was FORGIVEN.—She—"You forgot yourself, sir." He—"How could I think of myself in your presence!"—Yankee Blade.

10¢ Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over \$100 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

All busy people finally get so that they hate those who are lazy.—Atchison Globe.

Wax Bilious or Costive, eat a Cascaret, canoy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, etc.

It is said that red noses run in families, the same as quick temper, or consumption.—Atchison Globe.

I RELIEVE PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Alice Dorcas, Leloy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1910.

"Hare ya a good cook?" "She's very good; goes to church four times a week. She can't cook though."—Tid-Bits.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grieve.

How BIG Is a Cow?

In the American report of the commissioner of education for 1892-3, published at Washington last year, there is a most thorough-going report on "Child Study," or, as it is sometimes called, "Padiology." A bibliography of about seven pages, in books and articles, shows how much attention has been bestowed on the subject in the United States. Dr. Stanley Hill, president of a society for this study, tells us that in 1870 four "kindergartens" in Boston took some children aside and endeavored to find out the contents of their minds, and the result was published in the Princeton Review for 1880. Dr. Stanley Hill says: "Thirty-three per cent. of these children on entering school had never seen a live chicken; 51 per cent. had never seen a robin; 70 per cent. had never seen a growing strawberry; 71 per cent. of the Boston children had never seen growing beans, even in Boston. Our school text books are based on country life, and the city child knows nothing, in the large cities, of real country life." Here is one instance: A large percentage of these children, upon being asked how large a cow was, showed that they had little idea. One thought a cow was as large as her cat's tail. Another thought a cow was as big as her thumb nail. One would like to know if these young folks had never seen the picture of a cow?—Chambers' Journal.

DETROIT.

GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Red....

Oats, No. 2 White....

Rye, No. 2....

BARLEY, Choctaw, Fancy....

WHEAT—Wheat, No. 2 Red....

CORN—Corn, No. 1 Fresh....

OATS—Oats, No. 2 Fresh....

RYE—Rye, No. 2 Fresh....

GRASS—Grass, No. 2 Fresh....

LEAVES—Leaves, No. 2 Fresh....

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Native Steers....

TEXAS—Steers....

HOGS—Pigs....

OMAHA—Sheep....

SHEEP—Sheep....

DAIRY—Dairies....

PIKES—Pikes....

SHARK—Sharks....

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

EFFECT OF MUSIC.

The Nervous System Influenced by Different Kinds of Sounds.

The old story that Saul when out of temper used to summon David to play the harp, and found the music to be a sedative, may prove to be more than a simple historic incident, for both Charcot and Tarchanow have declared that musical sounds are a remedial agency in disease which no physician can afford to ignore, says the New York Herald.

Mr. Warthin, of Michigan, who has given a great deal of thought to this subject, asserts that different kinds of sounds are more effective than drugs in the cure of disease. For instance, the music of Valkyrie will increase perspiration, and, therefore, cure certain forms of ailment caused by checking its flow.

The operative energy is not the music as such, but the peculiar vibrations made by it. Tannhauser, on the other hand, is a vibratory soporific and induces both the stomach and the bowels.

If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no remedies, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowels, the stomach and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation is manifested, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

Ax Abersonia, who, making a morning call, was asked if he "wuk tak" a drama, soberly declined: "Twas too sairy, the day," he said; "besides, I've had a gal already."—Town and Country Journal.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Local Co., Inc.

Frank J. Casyx makes cash that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Casyx & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of H. C. Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Casyx.

Sword to before me and subscribe my presence, this 10th day of October, 1910.

A. W. Casyx.

Avon Park.

Hill's Catarrh Cure, taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Good for fevers, colds, etc.

F. J. Casyx & Co., Toledo, O.

Told by Dr. Casyx, etc.

Hill's Family Pills are the best.

"We had a very interesting event—or rather a pair of 'em—at our house this morning," "Lucky!" "Not twice?" "No, our boy put on his first trousers!"—Roseleaf.

The Fancies and Follies of the Age.

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic cathartics. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and the bowels.

APPEARANCES.

As the twilight was creeping across the sky From the east to the west, where the crimson dye Of a gorgeous sunset was glowing wan In the shadows that rise when the sun is gone Is a sumptuous banquet of drowsy rays And a wrapped repast with spots of grace. On the little back porch of a copper hut The Imperial Ethel McCall sat.

In her beautiful eyes were a look demure And the hint of a smile that was sweetly pure As the morning dew in the setting bays Or a cake of soap in a tub of foam. And the beautiful face of this West Side queen Was suffused with a rosy, amiable glow. "How long, how long," she soliloquized In a voice a chorus girl would have prided, "To be able to do, to do some deed For the suffering victims of world-wide ill?" "Are you going to wash up the dishes my dear?" Came a voice from the kitchen, inviting clear.

Her red life in her soul was lit, And her red lips encircled in a close embrace "Nii!" — W. G. Jackson in Chicago News.

FLOTATION OF SPIDERS.

An English Writer Discusses the Subject and Gives Some Instances. In an interesting communication to Knowledge on "Spiders," the Rev. Samuel Butler discusses at some length the phenomenon of the flotation line, and its method of attachment, which is the foundation of the spider's web. Is it not evident, asks the reverend gentleman, that air—and probably at a high temperature—must be inclosed within the meshes of the substance forming the line when it passes from the spinners into the atmosphere? The creature with this substance lifts it into the air. It has been usual to explain the ascent by the kite principle—namely, the mechanical force of the contiguous atmosphere—but air movements, especially on a small scale, are so capricious and uncontrollable that without a directive force the phenomena seem quite inexplicable.

In support of this theory of a direct propelling force Mr. Butler gives some of his own observations. Writing one day with two sheets of quarto before him, he saw a small spider on the paper, and in order to test its power of passing through the air he held one of the sheets of paper about a foot from that on which the creature was running. It ascended to the edge and vanished, but in a moment it landed upon the other sheet through midair in a horizontal direction, and picked up the thread as it advanced. In this case there was no air movement to facilitate, nor any time to throw a line upward, which indeed would not have solved the difficulty. On another occasion, at a dinner party in Kent, four candles were lighted on the table, when a thread was seen to be strung from the tip of one of the lighted candles and attached to another about a yard off, and all the four lights were connected in this way, and that by a web drawn quite tight.

The only explanation which Mr. Butler can suggest for this remarkable occurrence is that the spider was suspended at first by a vertical line from above and thus swayed itself to and fro from tip to tip of the candles. It was certain the spider could not have descended from the table, and it was equally certain that aerial flotation of the line from a fixed point was impossible, as it involved floating in four opposite directions. The facility with which the initial movements in forming a web are made cannot be reconciled with any theory of a simple atmospheric convection, and precision appears the only explanation.

Keeping Her Watch In Order.

They were sipping chocolate at a cafe and talking of watches.

"I have carried my watch for ten years," said the senior member of the party, "and it has never cost me a penny for repairs."

"Mercy!" exclaimed another one. "How did you manage?"

"It took care of it. You know men are always making disagreeable remarks about women's watches, and when my husband gave me mine he said it would probably be out of order most of the time. And I just made up my mind to show him that there was one woman in the world who knew how to take care of a watch."

"But have you never lost it or had it stolen?"

"Never. I dropped it several times at first, but it didn't show any marks."

"But do the works never get out of order?"

"The what?"

"The works inside. Have you never broken the main-prong?"

"I never look inside."

"But do you wind it?"

"I don't wind it. That's how I take care of it and keep it nice."

They all stared a moment. Then they said, "Oh, you clever thing!" and adjourned due die.—Detroit Free Press.

Spiders' Eyesight.

How far away can a spider see a fly? After several years of ingenious experimenting Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, the naturalists, have concluded that the greatest average distance at which spiders are able to see objects distinctly is about one foot. Beyond that distance, then, we may assume that a fly caught in a spider's web would be safe from detection by its enemy if its movements and struggles to get away did not betray it. The same observers think that spiders have the same select color and smell, but fully developed.—Veitch's Companion.

Earl Fitzwilliam, in Wentworth, Woodstock, near Rutherford, N.Y., has the largest private house in England, but had but an income of over \$1,000,000 a year. He would probably regard the place as a white elephant. There are 175 rooms in the building.

The red mullet is killed immediately before its death to insure permanent contraction of its superficial pigment cells, which causes the fish to become the intense red color beloved of the trade.

POSITIVELY INSULTING.

The Hint Given to a Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter.

A lawyer who was engaged in settling up the affairs of an estate was somewhat worried over the loss of certain letters and papers.

The deceased had been a careless person, and he had mislaid several documents that were of importance to his heirs. Having been called away from this earth on a hasty summons, he had not given the lawyer any instructions beforehand.

The lawyer had a helpful friend who believed in clairvoyancy and second sight. This friend went to a woman who was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and who could read the stars at sight, and told her of the lawyer's search for the papers.

The clairvoyant or fortune teller, or whatever she may have been, went to see the lawyer.

The lawyer was skeptical. I really believe I can find these papers for you," said she. "If you care to employ me I shall at least endeavor to find them. A few weeks ago I found a lost will for a family on the north side."

"You really think you can find these papers?"

"I am quite sure of it."

"You go ahead and find them, and I'll pay you liberally."

"But I must receive every assistance from you and the relatives of the departed. I must be taken to his home and get in sympathy with his former surroundings."

"Not much. I'll not go to all that trouble. I think you're a fraud."

The woman gave him a stony stare and swept out of the room.

About five minutes later she re-entered the office. She appeared to be agitated. "Excuse me for coming back," she said, "but did I leave a small black bag in here? I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"I haven't seen it. You don't remember where you left it?"

"I can't imagine."

"That hadn't ought to worry you. If you can find papers that have been missing six months, you hadn't ought to have any difficulty in finding handbag that was lost ten minutes ago."

"You are positively insulting," said the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, and then she left him forever.—Chicago Record.

GENERAL BUTLER.

He Was the First Presidential Candidate to Employ a Press Agent.

General Butler originated the employment and coined the term of press agent at political headquarters," remarked a gentleman who has given many years to the consideration of active politics. "During his campaign for the presidency on the labor ticket he noticed that the representatives of the newspapers gave but little attention to the labor ticket headquarters. He decided that this should not continue. Bailey, the circus man, who was a friend of General Butler, took some interest in his campaign, and General Butler spoke to him of the neglect of the newspapers. 'Do as we do,' replied Bailey, 'and hire men to take your staff to the papers—we call them press agents, though you can call them anything else.'

"The idea was adopted immediately and Bailey was asked to spare one of his press agents for a couple of months, which he consented to do, and sent Major Hugh Coyle, who resides in this city during the C. I. circus season, to report to General Butler. Coyle was therefore the first political press agent employed as such. He took hold of the Butler brand and played it for all it was worth, and ran the campaign on regular circus principles. He had a man three or four days ahead of the general, who's day it was to organize Butler clubs in case there was not any or where the club was an insignificant affair.

"The clubs were organized on the principles and in the same way that armies, villages and battles are formed for theatrical or circus representations—that is, hired for the time they were required in making the parade. The uniforms, banners, flags, drums, trumpets and other paraphernalia of political clubs were owned by General Butler, and, like a circustent, were sent to the city where they were to be used one or two days in advance. There is hardly any political organization these days which does not have a press agent, but there are few of them who will ever compare with Hugh Coyle, for he combined great experience with intelligence and was a manager in every sense."—Washington Star.

The Glamour of Distance.

It is laughable how the conceits of the different nations in Africa, Asia and South America are frequently criticised by their papers at home for not being more astute in looking after the commercial interests of their countries, and how they are hidden to take part by the representatives of other nations. Thus the British trade papers hold the German and United States vessels up as admirable examples, and the United States and Germany go into raptures over the faithful and energetic conduct of the Britishers. And so it goes.—New York Merchants' Review.

Sing Sing's Favorite Book.

There is a touch of pathos in the statement that the book most frequently called for in the library of Sing Sing prison is Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." The same author's "Put Yourself In His Place" holds the second place in popularity with the inmates of the prison.

The superior inventive genius of Americans is clearly shown in the reports of the examiners of patents, who says that 22 foreign countries, including Great Britain, Germany, Russia and France, have only issued from earliest time up to Dec. 31 last 981,961 patents, against 562,453 issued to far by this country alone.

DISPOSING OF PASTRY.

THE HINT Given to a Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter.

It is not always an easy matter to dispose of all the scraps of pastry left after making pastries or pies of any kind.

In olden times there was a variety of nice little cakes made of small pieces of fine pastry and garnished with jelly, jams or sweetened creams whipped to a stiff froth and flavored. The well known "wells of Cupid," as they were known in those sentimental days, were nothing more than tiny flat cakes of pastry with a raised ring of pastry laid on them the cavity in the center being filled with jelly or jam of some bright color.

These "wells" are sometimes made of cold boiled plum-pudding, garnished with a creamy hard brandy sauce, and they are then served at the holiday season and known as "wells of Noel." Almost any plain rocky dough may be rolled out and cut up into circles and rings of equal size, and have a ring laid in every circle and the cake baked. The cavity in the center may be filled with bright red currant jelly.

These dainty little cakes called "marigolds" may be made of puff pastry or any pastry or cake batter that can be rolled out. They are especially nice made of puff pastry glazed with sugar and baked a golden brown.

Cut out 20 circles of pastry with a fluted cutter about two inches in diameter. Then stamp out an equal number of rings about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Put these tiny rings in the center of the large circles and stick pieces of blanched and shredded almonds around the centerpieces. Dredge these cakes with sugar and bake them in a quick oven for about ten minutes, or until they are a nice golden brown.

Arrange little strips of red currant jelly lengthwise around the edge between the strips of almond. These represent the petals of the flower. These cakes are troublesome to make, but are nice for a child's party or other gala occasions.

"King Henry's shoestrings" are strips of pastry arranged in four loops in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross. They are decorated with bits of green grape jelly and red currant jelly to represent raties and emeralds. Where a cork batter is used pieces of candied cherries and green lime or the prettier candied angelica can be used.

Other cakes may be made in the form of small wreaths made of little leaves of pastry when baked. Bits of bright jelly set in various hollows of the wreath represent blossoms. These are a delight to children.—St. Louis Republic.

Is the Sun Burning Up?

Thousands of curious and ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the effect that the sun, although he has whirled his burning disk across the heavens for untold ages, continues to burn without being consumed or his bulk being lessened in the least. Some of our most learned astronomers believe, or pretend to believe, that the great orb is a ball of gas, but even a great globe of gas would be consumed to its utmost atom in the course of a few thousand years. Others say that fire is kept up by the burning of the remains of wrecked worlds which are constantly falling into its mysteries, burning deep. But even this seems far from probable, and those who take an opposite view declare that it is a monstrously absurd conclusion. In summing up his opinion on the last conclusion one of the most eminent astronomers of the day has figured that a mountain range consisting of 176 cubic miles could fall into the sun and yet furnish fuel enough to keep up the present rate of heat for a single second, and that a mass equal to our earth would only furnish heat for 93 years. If these conclusions are correct, we may well ask, Of what wonderful, indomitable substance is our great light-giver composed?—Exchange.

The idea was adopted immediately and Bailey was asked to spare one of his press agents for a couple of months, which he consented to do, and sent Major Hugh Coyle, who resides in this city during the C. I. circus season, to report to General Butler. Coyle was therefore the first political press agent employed as such. He took hold of the Butler brand and played it for all it was worth, and ran the campaign on regular circus principles. He had a man three or four days ahead of the general, who's day it was to organize Butler clubs in case there was not any or where the club was an insignificant affair.

The clubs were organized on the principles and in the same way that armies, villages and battles are formed for theatrical or circus representations—that is, hired for the time they were required in making the parade. The uniforms, banners, flags, drums, trumpets and other paraphernalia of political clubs were owned by General Butler, and, like a circustent, were sent to the city where they were to be used one or two days in advance. There is hardly any political organization these days which does not have a press agent, but there are few of them who will ever compare with Hugh Coyle, for he combined great experience with intelligence and was a manager in every sense."—Washington Star.

The Way of the Sash.

How fascinating are the belts and sashes which form such important items in the fashions of the moment! Close fitting, deep folded belts made of satin or silk are worn with collars of silk, fine muslin and grass lawn. The newest ribbon belts are finished off with a flat piping on each side of white silk or satin, but if the belt is black or dark in color the piping may be in a light, contrasting shade. Loosely draped sashes look best on youthful figures, and folded belts crossed in front are most becoming to slender shapes. Even plain dresses may be converted into smart, stylish toiletts if the belt or sash and the collar and bows are chosen to correspond and in good taste.—New York World.

Only a Trifling Difference.

Sticks—What's the difference between a scorch and the anti-bicycle crusader?

Sticks—Give it up.

Sticks—One wheel to beat the band, while the others land to beat the wheels.—New York World.

Ancient Cards.

In early French cards the kings were named David, Alexander, Caesar and Charlemagne, representing the monarchs of the Jews, Greeks, Romans and French.

LOWEST PRICES FOR HELD-GOODS IN MILWAUKEE.

THE HINT Given to a Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter.

It is not always an easy matter to dispose of all the scraps of pastry left after making pastries or pies of any kind.

In olden times there was a variety of nice little cakes made of small pieces of fine pastry and garnished with jelly, jams or sweetened creams whipped to a stiff froth and flavored. The well known "wells of Cupid," as they were known in those sentimental days, were nothing more than tiny flat cakes of pastry with a raised ring of pastry laid on them the cavity in the center being filled with jelly or jam of some bright color.

These "wells" are sometimes made of cold boiled plum-pudding, garnished with a creamy hard brandy sauce, and they are then served at the holiday season and known as "wells of Noel." Almost any plain rocky dough may be rolled out and cut up into circles and rings of equal size, and have a ring laid in every circle and the cake baked. The cavity in the center may be filled with bright red currant jelly.

These dainty little cakes called "marigolds" may be made of puff pastry or any pastry or cake batter that can be rolled out. They are especially nice made of puff pastry glazed with sugar and baked a golden brown.

Cut out 20 circles of pastry with a fluted cutter about two inches in diameter. Then stamp out an equal number of rings about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Put these tiny rings in the center of the large circles and stick pieces of blanched and shredded almonds around the centerpieces. Dredge these cakes with sugar and bake them in a quick oven for about ten minutes, or until they are a nice golden brown.

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Other cakes may be made in the form of small wreaths made of little leaves of pastry when baked. Bits of bright jelly set in various hollows of the wreath represent blossoms. These are a delight to children.—St. Louis Republic.

All orders filled promptly and carefully, as heretofore.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

James Morgan & Co.
JOHN McEATHRON, Assignee,
Grand Avenue and Third St., MILWAUKEE.

ROGERS & LOSIE

GENERAL

Blacksmiths and

Horse Shoers.

Fancy Horse Shoeing, Skidding Tongs and Cant-hooks a Specialty.

All New Work Made to Order.

Give us a Trial.

Shops at Ed. Rogers' old stand.

H. LEWIS

Wine, Liquor and Cigar

MERCHANT.

Edmund Block Milwaukee, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply at (Chicago and Louisville) wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

also a full and ample goods and supplies.

J. Weisen's Provision Depot!

CLARK & LENNON - Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware.

J. B. SCHELL.

Merchant Tailor.

a NEW line of

.... Fine Winter Woolens.

Foreign and Domestic Goods—the Finest.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Satisfaction in Material, Fit and Workmanship
Guaranteed.

Brown Street, RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. L. DIMICK.

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Heating.

Office Rear of NEW NORTH Building, Stevens Stree

J. Segerstrom,

Watches,
Jewelry,
Diamonds, Silverware,
Clocks, Etc.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Dealer in

RIVERSIDE DAIRY.

We deliver first-class milk in
bulk or bottles. Cream furnished
on short notice.

P. J. LANGLAIS, Prop.



Made a
Well Man
of Me.
THE GREAT
1st Day.
FRANCINE'S REMEDY
produces the above results in 20 days. It is
powerful and quickly cures all diseases and
young men will renew their youthful looks
in 10 days. It is a safe and reliable vigor to
men. It quickly and surely restores Nervous
ness, Loss of Vitality, Impotence, Nightly Insomia,
Loss of Power, Failing Memory, Wanting Diseases and
all effects of self abuse or excess and indolence,
which ends on for study, business or marriage. It
is not only cure by starting at the root cause, but
is a great remedy for all kinds of disorders. Trans-
fer it to the neck, spine to cure rheumatism, scro-
tum, the skin of joints. It wards off insanity
and consumption. Ans. on having **FRANCINE'S** no
other. It can be carried in vest pocket. If mail
\$1.00 per package, or \$1.50.00 with post
written guarantee to cure or refund
the money. Circular free. Address
TOTAL MEDICINE CO., 271 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale at Rhinelander, Wis., by
John Headon, Druggist.

THE BANK
BARBER SHOP

W. A. CLARK, Proprietor.

New Bank Building, Rhinelander.

Steam Heated Bath Rooms.

All work in the tonsorial line done
Satisfactorily.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty.

J. A. WHITING,

VETERINARY : SURGEON

And DENTIST.

Oscar John & Charles's Library.

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

NORTH BOUND

No. 11-Daily	2:30 a. m.
No. 17—Ashland Mail and Express	1:30 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 4—Daily	11:30 a. m.
No. 2—Ashland Mail and Express	1:30 p. m.

H. C. BREWER, AGENT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

EAST BOUND

Atlantic Limited	2:00 a. m.
Accommodation	3:10 p. m. Del. San.
Passenger	4:10 p. m. Del. San.
Passenger	4:25 p. m. Del. San.

WEST BOUND

Pacific Limited	6:30 a. m.
Accommodation	8:30 a. m. Del. San.
Passenger	9:30 a. m. Del. San.
Passenger	10:25 p. m. Del. San.

Close connections for Tomahawk, Eau Claire, Duluth, Marquette, Monona, Winona, Stevens Point, Madison, Chicago and beyond, and all points on C. M. & St. P. and Wisconsin Central R'y. Freight trains do not carry passengers. C. M. CHAMBERS AGT.

Fred. Herrick, of Lac du Flambeau, was here Tuesday.

Sam G. Marshall, of the Marshall Paper Co., was in town on business the first of the week.

Rev. Thomas G. Grassie, pastor of the Ashland Congregational church, was here on business Monday.

The Venezuelan treaty is an accomplished fact—and no bloodshed.

Mr. Bryan should remember that a second farewell tour is always a mistake.

The national treasury gold reserve is now above \$120,000,000 and climbing every day. The people are tumbling over each other to deposit their gold and get paper money, as good as gold.

Bryan carried only four of the nearly 600 cities and towns of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. One of these towns was in Massachusetts, the three others were in Connecticut. He did not carry a single Rhode Island town. Only one county in New York gave a majority for Bryan.

Not to Be Reisted.

Some years ago at a session of the legislature of Kentucky, an effort to repeal the law offering a bounty on foxes' scalps was made, but was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely settled region.

"Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tone and overspreading his rugged countenance. "We are all Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens, I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure, and there ain't anybody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it."

"So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law, you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefit of hearing the gospel preached. That's the way it looks to me!"

This reasoning was too much for the legislature, and for the time being the law was not repealed.—Youth's Companion.

Odd Things About Water.

Water is made up of two different elements—hydrogen and oxygen. It has in its composition two measures of hydrogen for every one of oxygen, but as the latter is so much heavier than the former nine pounds of water are found to contain eight pounds of oxygen and only one of hydrogen. The way in which the composition of water is proved is by means of the voltaic electric battery, combined with other apparatus, designed especially for the purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Fire hill, or Beacon, is a well known height of the South downs, and the "cap" referred to is a covering of clouds or mist.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Shirts of chain armor, which cost about \$500, are now worn by more than one distinguished person on the continent.

The Latest in Furs.

Fashion in furs shows a mixture of two kinds in one garment, which is very encouraging to those who must remodel their old capes and jackets, and very pretty effects are made with many sable tails and paws in the way of trimming.

Persian lamb, chinchilla, sable, seal skin and mink, which is light gray in color, are the most fashionable furs, but all the cheaper varieties seem to have their uses. Chinchilla is combined with seal this season, and short sleeves of sable are used over longer ones of seal. The fur boleros will be a useful fashion for those who have a small amount of fur to be transformed into a fashionable garment. These are very becoming to slight figures, and very stylish with wide revers. The new fur coats are rather short, not so full in the bosom as they were last season and have loose fronts.

An Old Building.

Poughkeepsie has a building that is probably the oldest one on the Hudson river. It is at the corner of Washington and Delaware streets, and was erected, according to tradition, in 1712. The plaster on the walls is six inches thick, and the laths are hand cut, about two inches in thickness. It is safe to say that house, even if anticipated, is a warm one to live in during the winter.—Oak Hill Record.

EATEN ALIVE.

A Fish That Watches Its Own Demolition Is a Japanese Delicacy.

The most dainty dish to the Japanese epicure is none other than a living fish. This horrible delicacy is served as follows: Resting on a large dish is a mat formed of rounds of glass held together by plaited threads, on which is a living fish with gills and mouth moving regularly. At its back rises a bank of white threads resembling damp glass, but in reality a colorless seaweed, while the fish itself rests on damp green algae. In front is a pile of small slices of raw fish garnished with a radiating tuft of variegated bamboo leaves. A portion of the raw fish from the pile in front of the living victim is now placed on a saucer and passed to one guest, and so on with the rest till the pile is consumed. Then the carver raises the skin (which has been already loosened) of the living fish, and proceeds to take slice after slice from the upper part. The creature has been carved while still alive, the pile of flesh first served consisting of the lower half of the body. This has been done with such consummate skill that no vital part has been touched. The heart, the liver, the gills and the stomach are left intact, while the damp seaweed on which the fish rests suffices to keep the lungs in action. The miserable victim looks on with lustrous eyes while its own body is consumed, probably the only instance of a living creature assisting as a spectator at its own entombment.

Goatfish says.

Mr. Frankstown—Miss Bloomfield is as pretty as the day is long. Don't you think so?

Mr. Homewood—I have never seen her except at evening gatherings.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

In India there is a species of butterfly in which the male has the left wing yellow and the right one red. The colors of the female are vice versa.

Changeable Weather.

Changeable weather brings to mind Mr. Humphreys' Specific for Colds and Grip.

For sale by druggists—25¢.

Notice of Sale.

IN CIRCUIT COURT, ONEIDA COUNTY.

GILES S. COOK, Plaintiff.

vs.

J. E. KATHRIN, HATTIE P. KATHRIN,

his wife, J. J. O'BROOK and

WILLIE DAVIS, Defendants.

By virtue of an application to a Judge of Probate, filed in the above named court in the above named action in favor of the above named plaintiff and against the above named defendants on the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1886, I shall offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1886, at the door of the Court House in the City of Rhinelander in Oneida County, Wisconsin, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following described real estate, to wit:

Lots numbered Two (2), Three (3), and Four (4), of Block numbered One (1), located in the village of Rhinelander, in the State of Wisconsin, to satisfy and discharge with costs and expenses of sale.

Dated November 12, A. D. 1886.

F. E. SMITH, Sheriff.

ALICE & BARNES, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

IS THE MATTER OF THE VOLUNTARY ASSIGNMENT OF JAMES MCNAUL.

Upon the presentation of the application of James McNaul, of the City of Rhinelander, in this County, which application was on the 12th of October, 1886, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of said County, whose residence is in the City of Wausau, Wisconsin, State of Wisconsin, for a discharge from his debt, said application having been filed as aforesaid and presented to Hon. Chas. V. Barber, presiding Judge of this Court, within one year after filing a copy of his assignment to the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of this County, whose residence address is Rhinelander, in the aforesaid County and State; and said application having been filed and presented as aforesaid, before the final settlement of the accounts of the assignee under his assignment.

Thereupon it is ordered that all the creditors of said James McNaul, such insolvent debtor, whose cause, if any they have, before the Judge of this Court, at his chambers in the City of Wausau, Wisconsin, on the 23d day of November, 1886, at 10 A. M., that day, or thereafter as the master of the court may direct, when and why such insolvent debtor should not be discharged from his debts.

That a copy of such application and of this order be, within five days from the date of this order, deposited in the postoffice, post paid, directed to each of the creditors of such insolvent debtor whose address is known to said assignee.

Dated October 12, 1886.

Chas. V. Barber, Circuit Judge.

THE MILD POWER CURES

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for nearly half a century by the people with entire success.

1—Fever, Consumption, Indigestion.

2—Coughs, Cold, Croup.

3—Diseases of Children or Adults.

4—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.

5—Gastritis, Colitis, Diarrhoea.

6—Headaches, Skin Diseases.

7—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation.

8—Suppressed or Prolonged Periods.

9—White, Too Frequent Periods.

10—Cramps, Laryngitis, Hemorrhoids.

11—Salt Rheum, Epilepsy, Epileptics.

12—Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.

13—Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague.

14—Catarrh, Inflammation of the Head.

15—Whooping Cough.

16—Kidney Diseases.

17—Nervous Debility.

18—Uterine Weakness.

19—Sore Throat, Cough, Diphtheria.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER - WISCONSIN.

That the earth is solid right to the center, with the exception of lakes and reservoirs of molten matter below the crust, has been demonstrated by the recent researches of Lord Kelvin and other authorities.

At the seashore or in the country, where the air is clear, 1,500 microbes must be inhaled into the nose every hour, while in London the number often reaches 14,000. The organisms are caught by the nose and passed to the digestive organs, which, when in health, destroy them.

Time is valuable, but one seldom hears of much fuss being made over the thirty-six millions part of the swing of a pendulum. It has been ascertained, however, that the pendulum in the Paris observatory varies one-third of an oscillation in 12,000,000 and a large sum of money is to be expended in correcting the error.

The paper on which letters to the queen are written must not be folded. No communication which bears evidence of having been creased will ever find its way into her majesty's hands. The proper method is to write on thick, glossy white paper, and to dispatch the missive in an envelope which fits it. Any folded communication never reaches the queen, for the simple reason that she won't look at it.

ENGLAND is ready to build more warships, and the conviction is steadily growing that all the vessels that can be constructed will be needed before many years have passed. But the problem of securing enough bluejackets to man these ships is troubling the government. Already the lists are 20,000 men short, and in case of trouble British supremacy of the sea would be in great jeopardy for this reason.

It may not be known to the general reader that a rifle ball deflected from its course immediately resumes its line of flight after rimming the object it is unable to pass through. That is to say, a ball turned from its course by a rib passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically opposite to the point where it entered the soldier's body, and then passes out, resuming its exact line of flight if enough of its initial velocity remains.

M. DEVIC, an engineer, who has already proposed one or two grandiose plans for the Paris exposition of 1900, which have been rejected, not on their merits but on account of the cost, intends to carry out another at his own risk. It consists of a tower 400 feet high, turning upon a pivot, and making a complete rotation in an hour. The visitors seated on the tables in one of the restaurants contained in the tower will not perceive they are moving, but they will enjoy a panorama of all Paris.

THE Memorial hospital of Brooklyn is conducted entirely by women, and its patients are exclusively women and children. The entire staff of physicians and surgeons are women. The hospital has passed through the experimenting stage, as it has completed its eighth successful year of work. It is supported by voluntary contributions, some of which have taken the form of real estate, to enable the institution to have a permanent and desirable home. Several circles of King's Daughters have endowed free beds.

A PROJECT for connecting the Baltic and Black seas by a water way to extend from Iliga along the rivers Dvina, Berezina and Dnieper to Kherson has for some time been occupying the attention of the Russian press. Were this scheme ever realized all other extensive works ever undertaken in Russia, including the Siberian railway, would be completely thrown into the shade. Such a water way would probably do more toward developing the coasting trade of the empire than any other enterprise in the country.

A MEDICINE cup for the easy disposal of ill-tasting potions in large or small doses has recently been devised. It is also available for feeding invalids who are unable to move. By means of the pipe-shaped medicine spoon, tea, soup or other liquids can be taken while the patient is reclining. Upon the pipe bowl the quantities held are graduated, thus enabling the nurse to give the exact quantity of medicine or food required. Since this pipe spoon is made of glass it can very easily be cleaned and its aseptic qualities render it valuable in the sick room.

AXEER is a specialty of the Baltic coast of Prussia, and the British consul at Danzig, in his last report, states that it is a monopoly worked by a firm which owns the two best mines, Palmenwicken and Kratzepelle, and paid for the concession to the government last year a royalty of about £25,500. It is calculated that the firm has, up to the present, paid £1,000,000 in these royalties. Last year, in addition to the product of the mines, a good deal of amber was picked up on the beach at Pilau, in the province of East Prussia, having been washed up with the sea-wrack.

PROVIDENCE marriage portions for poor young girls is the object of a government fund in Italy. Without a dower it would be almost impossible for a girl to be married, and this form of charity is said to be highly appreciated. The annual sum available for this purpose, and distributed every year among the marriageable young girls is £50,000. To be a recipient it is necessary for the applicant to prove her good reputation and character by several witnesses, to show that she has no means available, and that the young man who wishes to marry her has a trade.

M'KINLEY CHOSEN.

He Will Be the Next President of the United States.

He Carries 24 of the 45 States, and Possibly More—His Vote in the Electoral College Not Less Than 261.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—Chairman Jones formally conceded the defeat of William J. Bryan last night and made his last presidential campaign statement to the public as follows:

"The result of the presidential election is apparently no longer in doubt. It has been one of the closest contests that the people have been called on to determine in recent years. We have claimed the election on our advice from states that were admittedly in doubt in which we knew there had been many frauds and from which returns indicated tampering with the returns. It seems now to be apparent that, while Mr. Bryan, after making the most brilliant campaign in the history of our country, has carried most of the states claimed to be doubtful, but has not carried enough to assure his success in the electoral college. Bryan's electors have been chosen in all the states south of the Potomac and Ohio, except West Virginia, and all those west of the Missouri except California and Oregon. He has 190 electoral votes, and this number must be increased by that return from states yet in question."

cause of the Defeat.

"Thus this remarkable campaign closes with the election of William McKinley. The result was brought about by every kind of coercion and intimidation on the part of the money power, including threats of lockouts and dismissals and impending starvation by the employers."

The large campaign fund used in this country was the subversion of a large portion of the American press. The president-elect and his party are under pledge to the American people to continue the gold standard and by its operation to restore prosperity to this country. As chief executive Mr. McKinley will have the cordial support of the millions of patriotic



WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Americans who have cast their votes for William Jennings Bryan. They bow to the majority of the press, and able by the result with some of the utterings that would have come from the money power had it been unsuccessful. They are confident the gold standard cannot give the promised prosperity, but will gladly welcome it if it comes. They will continue the great struggle for the uplifting of humanity and to the maintenance of the dignity of our country in the establishment of an American monetary system. And the democratic party, aided by its present allies, will still split the bimetallic standard and bear it to victory."

JAMES K. JONES,
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

The Electoral Vote.

The returns indicate that the electoral votes of the states will be cast as follows:

McKinley	Bryan
Alabama	11
Arkansas	1
California	8
Colorado	1
Delaware	1
Florida	1
Georgia	1
Idaho	1
Illinois	15
Iowa	13
Kansas	13
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	1
Maine	1
Maryland	1
Massachusetts	15
Michigan	1
Minnesota	1
Mississippi	1
Missouri	1
Montana	1
Nebraska	1
Nevada	1
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	10
New York	35
North Carolina	1
Ohio	21
Pennsylvania	22
Rhode Island	1
South Carolina	1
South Dakota	1
Tennessee	1
Utah	1
Vermont	1
Virginia	1
West Virginia	6
Wisconsin	12
Wyoming	1
Totals	261
Necessary to choose 261.	

CONGRATULATES THE VICTOR.

Mr. Bryan Sends a Telegram to the President-Elect.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 6.—At 2:30 Senator Jones' telegram to Mr. Bryan that he had given up the fight was handed to Mr. Bryan at his residence. "You may say," said Mr. Bryan to the reporters, "that the election of McKinley is conceded and that I will issue a statement soon."

Mr. Bryan had not clung to the hope held out to him by some of his enthusiastic followers and was prepared for the news. His wife, too, knew that nothing else could be expected. Her natural good nature came to the fore when she realized that the gain was greater and she laughed and joked with the newspaper men. She had just received Senator Jones' telegram. Mr. Bryan wrote the following dispatch:

"Hon. William McKinley, Canton, O.: Senator Jones has just informed me that the returns indicate your election, and I hasten to extend my congratulations. We have submitted the issues to the American people and their will live."

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Mr. McKinley's Reply.

Canton, O., Nov. 6.—At noon Friday Mr. McKinley sent this telegram:

"Canton, O., Nov. 6. Hon. W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.—I acknowledge the receipt of your courteous message of congratulation with thanks and beg you will receive my best wishes for your health and happiness."

(Signed) WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

M'KINLEY TO HANNA.

The Successful Candidate Discourses on the Results.

Canton, O., Nov. 6.—Mr. McKinley Thursday night sent the following telegram to Hanna, Wadsworth, N.Y.—To Hon. W. A. Hanna, Wadsworth, N.Y.—To New York: Your telegraphic message announcing the result of the election has been received. I beg you to accept my hearty thanks for your great

services in the cause of "sound money" and victory throughout the campaign now declared and gloriously won. They were most generous and effective and will receive the warm approbation of your countrymen everywhere. I will be pleased to have you convey to your associates of the national committee my high appreciation of their efficient services.

Due to Patriotism.

"The people in their majesty, ignoring party lines, have declared their determination of repudiation and dishonesty, in whatever specious guise they may be presented. They have with the same energy affirmed their devotion to law and order and their unswerving resolution for justice and the cause. They have maintained their unfaltering determination to support and uphold the constituted authorities of the country and have thereby given new vigor and strength to our free institutions. They have, indeed, again consecrated themselves to country, and baptized the cherished ordinances of free government with a new and holy patriotism."

Victory for the Whole People.

"The victory is not to party or section, but of and for the American people. Not the least of the triumphs of the election is the obliteration of sectional lines in the republic. We have demonstrated to the world that we are a united people in purpose as well as in name. We have manifested in the greatest cause the spirit of fraternity and brotherhood that should always characterize our common and equal citizenship and have proven conclusively that in a country of equal privileges and equal opportunities the individual distinctions of race or class or sectional distinction cannot prevail. Let us Americans straightforwardly devote ourselves to the up-keep of America, to the peace, honor and glory of our common country. Party dissensions should no longer divide or rack the public mind, nor the seal or temper of either side deter any citizen from patriotic devotion to the good of all."

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

MRS. HANNA'S TABLE.

Republican Chairman Says McKinley Has 263 Electoral Votes.

New York, Nov. 6.—M. A. Hanna, chairman of the republican national committee, gave out the following statement at two p.m. Thursday:

"Sufficient returns have been received to satisfy me that the following states have been carried for McKinley and Hobart without doubt:

California 13
Connecticut 8
Delaware 1
Florida 1
Georgia 1
Idaho 1
Illinois 15
Indiana 12
Iowa 11
Maine 6
Maryland 1
Massachusetts 15
Michigan 1
Minnesota 1
Mississippi 1
Missouri 1
Montana 1
Nebraska 1
New Hampshire 1
New Jersey 10
New Mexico 1
New York 35
North Carolina 1
Ohio 21
Pennsylvania 22
Rhode Island 1
South Carolina 1
South Dakota 1
Tennessee 1
Utah 1
Vermont 1
Virginia 1
West Virginia 6
Wisconsin 12
Wyoming 1

New Hampshire, Nov. 6.—Complete returns have only been received from a few countries. Enough is known, however, to show that the state has gone for McKinley by at least 200.

New York, Nov. 6.—Complete returns from all counties in New York state give McKinley a plurality of 263,673. Only one county—Schuyler—was carried by Bryan Black (rep.), for governor, has a plurality of nearly the same as McKinley. The legislature is largely republican.

Massachusetts.

Boston, Nov. 6.—Complete returns for

republican managers have closed their offices with the stores declaration. Corrections and changes in three precincts not yet heard from may give the electors to either Bryan or McKinley. Republican congressmen and governor ran ahead of the electors by several hundred votes so far as heard from, and they may have safe majorities.

California.

San Francisco, Nov. 6.—All the precincts in California have been heard from with the exception of 12, and McKinley's plurality in the state up to date is 1,064, a loss of \$3,705 votes during the day. The missing precincts are in remote sections and will not be heard from for several days. They cannot materially change the result, as their total vote in 1900 was only 1,100.

congressional situation is much in doubt.

So far, it is known that the republicans have elected three congressmen and the democrats two. The legislature will no doubt be republican in both houses.

Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Nov. 6.—Complete returns from every county in Pennsylvania show the total vote to be as follows: For president—McKinley, 27,771; Bryan, 23,265; Leverett, 13,291; Palmer, 14,421. McKinley's plurality, 2,506. The republican electors to Congress include 11 congressmen (including congressmen at large) and the democrats 12. The democrats are: William McAtee (gold democrat), Ninth district; Daniel Ermendorf, Nineteenth district. The delegation to the present congress is composed of 25 republicans and 2 democrats. The new legislature, which will elect a United States senator to succeed J. Donald Cameron, whose term will expire March 4, 1901, is divided politically as follows: Senate, republicans, 4; democrats, 6; House, republicans, 17; democrats, 34. Republican majority on joint ballot 17.

North Dakota.

Hismarck, N. D., Nov. 6.—Complete returns have only been received from a few countries. Enough is known, however, to show that the state has gone for McKinley by at least 200.

New York.

New York, Nov. 6.—Corrected returns from all counties in New York state give McKinley a plurality of 263,673. Only one county—Schuyler—was carried by Bryan Black (rep.), for governor, has a plurality of nearly the same as McKinley. The legislature is largely republican.

Massachusetts.

Boston, Nov. 6.—Complete returns for

some late figures.

Synopsis of Late Returns from Various States.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—From late returns the following results of the election are obtained:

KENTUCKY—Republicans claim the state by from 600 to 1,000; democrat place their majority at 2,000; legislature republican.

INDIANA—Latest official and unofficial returns place McKinley's plurality at 21,100. Congressional delegation, nine republicans four democrats. The democrats have elected Robert W. Miers in the Second district, W. T. Zenor in the Third, William S. Holman in the Fourth and W. F. Robinson in the Twelfth. The legislature is 22 republican on joint ballot.

CONNECTICUT.

Harford, Conn., Nov. 6.—Revised returns (unofficial) from every town in the state show that McKinley's plurality is 5,412. The republican majority on joint ballot in the legislature will be Mr. Cooke, republican, for governor, has a majority of 4,330 and a plurality of 13,202 over Sargent, democrat.

MISSOURI.

Purdue, R. L., Nov. 6.—Returns from Rhode Island show that McKinley has a plurality of 2,000.

NEW YORK.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 6.—The official canvass of the vote for presidential electors in the state of New Jersey was made Saturday. The plurality for McKinley is 1,000.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 5.—The estimated plurality for Bryan in the state is \$10,000; Stephens, for governor, 42,000. Latest reports indicate the election of ten democrats and five republicans to congress.

The democrats have a majority of 20 on joint ballot in the legislature, and will elect a successor to Senator Vest.

CONNECTICUT.

Harford, Conn., Nov. 6.—Revised returns (unofficial) from every town in the state show that McKinley's plurality is 5,412. The republican majority on joint ballot in the legislature will be Mr. Cooke, republican, for governor, has a majority of 4,330 and a plurality of 13,202 over Sargent, democrat.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Jim Bourn and I were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol; we took our degrees together in the classical (horors) school, and were ordained together by the bishop of L—, as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town. Still single at 31, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study as in older times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets from Each Other?" I said "No," Jim said "Yes." We both smilingly strolled to our text.

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not want Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of it to anyone in the world, and never shall, except to yourself."

"Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know. I am only desirous to know the case," and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with none were nicer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of 30, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshipped both of them.

"I was 25 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms.

For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart, not one whit less than report stated.

I loved her. Of course, I could not say so at once; and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—she guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York—Ella—lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now 24; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were of course only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.

"After much heart-searching and debating within myself, I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds; and after talking as we walked along on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, Howson!—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming to-morrow for her approval; Miss York had been very kind, but acted rather strangely, and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

"I was in a curious state of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me! My position, my family, my life here were, I hoped, beyond reproach. Even were it a question of money, I had enough private means, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be lonely without Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married! It was preposterous.

"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the portress met me.

"Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!"

"I was more puzzled than ever! Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see; and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

"So sudden, too, air!" said the woman. "Nobody expected it."

"Whatever's the matter?" said I.

"Why haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor thing; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at nine o'clock this morning."

"My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will! But I am bound to say that my one thought was: 'My poor, lonely darling, Ella!'

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business, it was found that

she inherited all her aunt's money; and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple had ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"

"Amen!" said I, solemnly and reverently.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances: Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital,

and I soon saw that he would not live very long.

"You seem pleased to see me?" I said.

"Yes, sir," replied No. 152. "I am glad you've come; I hardly expected you would, considering how stand-offish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer—perhaps not until tomorrow."

"There, well, never mind. Keep your courage up, and you'll probably deceive the doctor."

"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by, Howson; I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one I hardly like to ask you." His eyes looked eagerly at me.

"Go on," said I; "I'll do it if possible."

"I've had a queer life, sir," said the convict. "I might have been somebody and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shall die happy."

"I'll promise it as far as I can," said I. "What is it?"

"It's to take care of your wife," answered No. 152. "Ah," said he, smiling, "I thought that would astonish you."

"Take care of my wife!" I gazed at him in amazement. "Why, of course I shall! But what is that to you?"

"A great deal," said he.

"Why?"

"Because she's—my daughter!"

"I looked at him in terror and astonishment, and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said, slowly:

"Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton; I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York—you see, I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. In that case was quite right. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired—and, oh, sir, I did often desire—to see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track if I could help it. Yes, sir, I see you can't realize it yet, but you'll find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it's true."

"I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter!"

"Please, sir, don't tell her," said he.

"She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her!" and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

"My senses had somewhat returned."

"No," said I, "of course not. I am half-dazed, but I feel what you say is true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it cannot alter my love for Ella."

"Thank God!" he said. "And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die—just one?"

"I'll try. Yes," said I, "she shall, if you'll leave it to me."

"I will! God bless you, Mr. Bourn."

"I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world."

"I took Ella with me to the hospital," Ella, said I, "a prisoner who is dying, and who has no—few—friends, told me today how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?"

"Certainly, my darling."

"And with eyes full of tears she did.

The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know; did he?

"I led her away, weeping, my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?"

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I, as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"

—*Birmingham Weekly News.*

SECOND-HAND MATERIALS.

A BUSINESS WHOSE GROWTH HAS KEPT PACE WITH THE STRADY GROWTH OF THE CITY.

There never was a time when there was so much second-hand building material for sale as now, and there never was a better market for it. It might seem to one unfamiliar with the business, strolling through the yards and buildings of a large dealer, that the stuff looked old, and that it was piled up to stay there a long time; and it may be that some of the things are "shopkeepers." Second-hand building material is nevertheless a quick moving stock, as much so as the average merchandise stock, and sooner or later somebody comes and takes the slow things, too.

There are times when the market for certain kinds of materials is dull, as it might be, for instance, for some kinds of building stone, and when it would be more profitable for the dealer to take such stuff out to sea and dump it than it would be to take up room for it in his yard, holding it for a customer; but the general fact reminds that there is a race for everything that the dealer gets.

Years ago there was only one large dealer in second-hand building materials in the city. Now there are half a dozen who would buy any building and undertake to remove it within a specified time.

The manner in which they come to buy the buildings is very simple: The owner of a property desiring to put up a new building engages an architect. When the plans have been approved the architect invites bids from builders for the construction of the building. The contract awarded, the builder wants the old building out of the way, and he calls on the dealers in second-hand materials for bids for its removal. Sometimes the builder pays the dealer to take the old building away; sometimes the dealer pays for the building; that depends.

The owners of a church building, for example, might have to pay to have it removed. Though the church is a large structure, there might be in it comparatively little material of market value; while a building no larger, but cut up into rooms and containing many fittings, might contain much more material of value.

The dealers go through the building that is to be removed and make estimates. Taking the area and the thickness of the walls, they calculate, if it is a brick building, the number of bricks in the building. Taking into account the number of stories and the sizes of the rooms, they arrive very closely at the amount of material in floors and partitions. They take everything about the building into account, and figure on the value of the material and the cost of removing it, and make a bid.

The work of estimating the value of such buildings has been reduced almost to a science; even on a very large building the bids of big dealers might not be more than \$100 or \$200 apart.

The great bulk of the second-hand

building material is sold within 100 miles of the city; perhaps half of it in the city. The primary object of the purchaser is, of course, economy. The purchasers include a very wide variety of persons, including rich and poor, and the material is bought for a very great variety of uses. Among the regular customers are many builders.

The occasional buyers may want a single window or a mantelpiece or a door or a beam of a certain length. They come for all sorts of things, but varied as their wants are they can all be supplied for one could find here material for a house, and, if he wanted, a stone sidewalk to put down in front of it, and a lamp post to stand on the edge.—N. Y. Sun.

INFLUENZA AND SUICIDE.

Instances Where Self-Destruction Was the Result of Bad Colds.

A case which occurred lately at Dover, where a Scottish gentleman committed suicide, is of importance in one particular. At the inquest it was pointed out that he had not been himself since an attack of influenza two years before, and that in all probability this attack was the primary cause of the self-destruction.

The importance of this fact, with regard to motives for suicide, should not be disregarded, and we are of opinion that a large number of the unexplained cases of suicide which have occurred lately are in all probability to be ascribed to post influenza cerebral changes.

During the six epidemics which have spread over the country since the winter of 1859-60, a very large proportion of the population has suffered, while many of these must have developed nervous symptoms. To turn to a particular instance, a case in court not long ago depended on the question whether a man had committed suicide or not, but the fact that he had had an attack of influenza two years before was not insisted on, owing to the length of time which had elapsed between the attack and the death—just about the same time, it will be noticed, which elapsed between the attack and the suicide in the first case.

Medical jurists will do well to remember that, if the actual effects of influenza, though protean, are fleeting, the after results in many are of long duration, insidious, and often of a nervous character, leading to the cerebral instability.—London Medical Press.

SEEKING FREEDOM.

"What we have been striving for all these long years is absolute freedom of movement," said the new woman, "and it is because of that that bloomers appeal to us forcefully."

"On that theory," put in the bald-headed man, quietly, "it makes me blush to think what your costume will be in 1910." —Chicago Post.

Genuine Enough.

Woodman—they tell me that you never get genuine victuals on the stage; that it is always imitation food which is used.

Storms (the actor)—Well, not always. We often get real eggs.—Yonkers Statesman.

A STRANGE RACE WITH FIRE.

BLAZING OIL CARRIED ON THE SWIFT CURRENT OF A RIVER.

"My engine was hauling an oil train. The time of year was October. We had a long spell of dry weather, and fires were beginning to break out in the woods all over the country. That afternoon the air was hazy with smoke, and the sun went down like a ball of hot copper in the thick sky.

"About three miles above Jonesville the line crosses a shallow little river which, running through the heart of the town, supplies water power for the two big mills. The mills were at the lower end of the town, where the water falls some 20 feet into a deep ravine. At the place where the railway crossed the river the banks were steep, and the bridge was a piece of wooden trestle work.

"As we thundered down the grade leading to the bridge—which was hidden from view by a curve—we noticed that the fires were getting close to the track on both sides.

"'T'll be bad if the fire gets into the bridge,' said Bob Macdonald, the driver, to me, as I heaved a shovel of coal into the firehole. It was dusk by this time. Then I said:

"There doesn't seem to be much fire in that direction. I reckon the bridge won't get scorched this time."

"Three minutes later we were round the curve, and in full view of the bridge. To our horror there were the vicious little blue-and-orange tongues of the fire licking away hungrily at the tall trestles.

"Down brakes!" screeched the whistle wildly. But there was no stopping that rushing mass of loaded tank cars. With what seemed to us undiminished speed we slid down the burning bridge.

"Jump for it!" yelled Macdonald.

"We sprang, almost together; and the brakemen behind followed our example. The speed was, of course, slackened by this time.

"End over end I went down the embankment, and fetched up in a mossy pool not ten yards from the gulch. I staggered to my feet. The engine was just crashing through the bridge. Down piled the oil cars, top of it like so many sheep playing follow-my-leader over a fence. I remember not how they kicked up behind, just as sheep do, as they went over the edging. The next minute the flames were roaring up like mad. The oil had caught

"None of the fellows was much hurt but Bob Macdonald; and he, though his arm was broken, was able to crawl up on to the track, where we huddled to watch the dreadful sight. Then a strange and terrifying thing took place.

"The flames ran out swiftly from the burning ruins over the top of the water. Just as if the river itself was on fire. The oil was being carried down by the current.

"Great heavens!" wailed Macdonald, "the whole of Jonesville will go, sure. In 20 minutes that will be a river of fire rushing through the town!"

"At these words a pang tightened around my heart. You'll smile when I tell you why. On the day before, when my train was running through Jonesville I had chance to catch a glimpse of a little lad, with fluffy yellow curls, on the balcony of a house right by

Breathes there a Man with Soul so dead

That he cannot appreciate the kind of clothing we sell? We think not. Almost every man thinks the best is good enough, especially when the best is the cheapest. Every man who wants a new suit or overcoat (and what man does not?) will find at the Cash Department Store a better selection, a better fit, better styles of clothes and more patterns to pick from than he can find in any place in the city—tailor shop or clothing store.



[CONTINUED]

"Tom, I think I'll take a run up country and have a bit of a visit with mother. It's going on three years now since I had a sight of her blessed face, and if I can't take advantage of this travel it may be three years more."

"By all means, Ralph—by all means," was his ready reply, "and I'll send her a few dreses and my love along with you. You can have a couple of weeks on firm ground, and, if the Lord spares your life to get back, you'll likely be the better for it, though I've known of plenty of cases where even a week in the country was the spoiling of a good sailor man."

That's the way, may it please the reader, I happened to arrive at the town of Dudley on the day before the events recorded in the chapter that has gone before. My old mother had lived there for eighteen years, wife and widow, and you'll excuse me for saying I am proud to declare that it was my money, earned by hard knocks at sea, which gave her the little house and kept the pot boiling. If it wasn't the regular belief, which is all wrong, that no sailor man ever makes good use of a dollar, I shouldn't have made the above statement.

I arrived in Dudley in the morning. Along about 8 o'clock in the evening went to me that some of my old friends had gathered at the Dudley inn not far away and in the larks of the Seven to drink a cup and have a chat with me, and I went over. I found Tom Vance, Jerry Simpson, John Wakefield and two or three more—all old chums, and some of them sailors who had given up going to sea. With chat and cap and story the time fled rapidly away, and the first we knew it had gone four bells—which signifies 12 o'clock. It was a little later, and I was about to take my departure, when Jerry Simpson, who had lost an arm a year before and who lived in a cabin across the river, speaks up and says:

"Come here, Ben Johnson, and believe that's the name you answer to," said Uncle John, "what sort of fish do you call this? Seems to me you are a bit too ready with your knife for this locality. Is it your play to knife a man first and then inquire about what's happened?"

"Who are you?" bluntly inquired Johnson as he turned to me.

"Ralph Tempkins, sir, whether it pleases you or not. You keep saying that some one ran into you. It was exactly the other way. My boat was drifting, while you must have been in a great hurry to have smashed into her as you did."

"I say you are a liar!" he shouted.

"Come, man, that's going beyond reason," put in Uncle John. "If you were on your feet, I wouldn't take that from you myself, old as I am. Let me wash off the blood, bind up your head, and do you go home and recover your good nature."

The man was still weak and dazed, but I never saw an uglier face even on a Malay pirate. He got up after a bit, waving us away when we would have assisted him, and backing up to one of the barroom tables to get a support. He looked at me as if he would stamp my face on his memory forever and finally railed:

"Tempkins or Thompson, I never saw you before, but I'll take good care not to lose sight of you from this time on. You played me a trick tonight which shall cost you your life."

"Why, man, what's come over your blooming character all at once?" exclaimed the landlord as he advanced a step or two. "I've heard of your being jailed for poaching, and there is then as has pointed you out for an idiot and a mischief maker, but I never suspected you had the bloody temper of a Kaffir. If that's your little game, then it will be well to drop a hint to the police to have an eye on you."

"At that moment, and while the man was opening and closing the fingers of his right hand as if feeling for the knife I had taken away, footsteps were heard outside, and next instant three police officers entered the bar. Johnson made a rush for the door as they appeared, and had he possessed the knife it would have gone hard with one or all of the trio as they piled on to him and struggled with him on the floor. But as he was unarmed and still weak, had him fast in a minute, and then one of them cried out:

"It's the greatest stroke of luck we ever had. I thought he was five miles away by this hour. What's the meaning of all this blood, Uncle John, and what's been going on hereabouts?"

"It's a lie! I'm in a mind to give you a taste of this steel! Come, now, as you came aboard of your own accord, you can leave on the same terms. Out you go!"

"Don't be so fast, my friend," I replied, astonished and nettled that he should be so peppery at the outset. "Doubtless the blame should be shared by both. I'll have to pay for that draft, while years seems to be all right. Don't talk of knifing a man or driving him overboard because of a bit of accident."

"Out you go!" he hissed after a long look at me, and what did the villain do but flash his knife and begin to advance upon me!

It would have only been a wet jacket to have gone overboard, but he had taken me wrong, you see. All men have a pride about these things. Argument is all right, but to attempt to drive them in a different matter. However, as he was armed with a knife and I had nothing, I expect I should have taken to the water but for the lack of finding a broken ear at my feet. I had a firm grasp of it quicker than I can tell you, and I warned the man, whose face I could only estimate in the darkness, near as he was, to advance at his peril. He was more reckless than brave. Steadying himself for a few seconds, with his feet wide apart, he was about to make a dash at me when I brought the ear down upon his head, and he fell like a log.

I was a bit upset by what had occurred, as stands to reason, but I presently figured that the best way was to take the errant gall up to the inn and see how the fellow was hurt. Old John Hampton, who had kept the place since I was a boy in knee pants, was just turning out the lights when I entered and told him what had happened.

"Bless my blooming soul, but who can

anchor and send for it. It was the cool brained old man who forced me to see



"You played me a trick tonight."

that such a step would bring me into serious trouble, and I have thanked God a thousand times that I had the sense to listen and obey. You will presently see that it was bad enough even with my staying.

Two of the policemen returned in about half an hour to pump us for details. I told my story as straight and truthful as any honest man could, keeping nothing back, and a part of it was of course corroborated by Uncle John. I have no doubt the police believed all our statements, as there was nothing requiring a stretch of the imagination, but when I had been pumped out the sergeant dryly observed:

"You can, no doubt, manage to prove all you say, but I shall have to take you up as a witness until you can find trial. It looks as if you were to be the main witness in the case, which is due to create a great sensation."

I protested and argued, but he cut me short with a curt "Come along, sir," and some time between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning I found myself in a prison cell for the first time in my life. As I sat on the hard bench to figure a bit on the situation I was unable to gain much consolation. Being a sailor man and without any fixed habitation, heavy loads would be required for my appearance when wanted. Who was to furnish them? All my old chums put together could not have qualified for £500. There was only the hope that they might have so many other witnesses that my testimony would not be required. The sergeant had told us that Lady Dudley had been murdered by a burglar whom she discovered in her room about midnight, but had given few details. However, things cannot be bettered by wretchedness, and by and by I laid down on the bench and fell asleep, and for four hours I slept as well as I ever did on shipboard. Then I was awakened by an officer, who ordered me to follow him into a room in which half a dozen people were waiting for us. I may tell you here that one was Lord Dudley, a second Uncle John Hampton, and a third, fourth and fifth were messengers from the castle. It was the chief of police who took me in hand and began:

"What will be our line of defense?" he calmly asked, paying no attention to my temper.

"Why, that I had no more to do with it than the chief of police himself."

"We shall have witnesses to prove an alibi, then?"

"Of course we shall. We will prove the hour I left Liverpool and my whereabouts during every hour afterward."

I gave him my story, and when I had finished he rubbed his hands and smiled and said:

"Really, now, but this does me good. I was prepared for a hard struggle before the courts, and here our case is already won. Half a day's work will get our case in proper shape."

My steven staff had floated away down stream, but was recovered. The one which had run into me was carefully lifted aside. The spot where Johnson's head had rested on the inn floor had been stained with his blood, and Uncle John would not allow it to be washed away. It seemed like turning your hand over to establish an alibi and prove my innocence to the satisfaction of everybody. Indeed, Uncle John and others declared with much feeling that if Lord Dudley did not present me with at least £50 for catching the murderer he was not the man to retain their respect. Some even went so far as to promise that the chief of police would apologize to me in public.

Perhaps I should have stated in the preceding chapter that the full name of her ladyship's maid was Mary Williams, and that she was the daughter of a small farmer a few miles away. She had been in the family so long and had been so faithful that I am sure Lord Dudley would never have doubted her innocence but for the police. Neither do I think the police altogether astray. Had it been any other man than Ben Johnson, her lover, they would not have reasoned as they did. In the goodness of her heart the girl had insisted on attending her ladyship that night, and in the light of subsequent events that was a point against her. Some of the servants also confidently remembered of having heard her talk about America and wish for a life of ease, and that was put down as evidence.

However, after the shock of the affair had worn off a bit the girl made a rally and showed her spirit. Feeling herself to be perfectly innocent gave her great strength. I have always believed that it was Lord Dudley himself who engaged a lawyer to defend her and hunted out the points in her favor, and it was something greatly to his credit. Ben Johnson was furious with the girl because she had taunted him and furiously with me because I had brought about his capture. He was not an educated man, but he was gifted with powerful assurance and natural cunning, and he completely deceived his lawyer and the police and general public. He admitted threatening Lady Dudley with the knife.

"Do you mean that Ben Johnson says Ralph Tempkins was in it with him?"

"I do. He says this man acted as his lookout on the outside, and that he is really the one who put up the job."

"Well, of all the bilking, blooming, blossoming stories I ever heard this do beat 'em all!" exclaimed Uncle John as he struck his fist on a table.

Ben Johnson had made a clean breast of it and had declared that Mary, the maid, and your humble servant were as guilty as himself. He was getting even with me sooner than he had hoped to.

CHAPTER III
"GUILTY" AND "NOT GUILTY."

The first thing the police of any country do when a murder has been committed is to find a prisoner, and they always assume that whoever they happen to lay hands on must be guilty

because they have got him. The officers were not so far out of the way in holding her ladyship's maid for examination, for all circumstances were against her, but in my case the heir's intelligent work by a detective ought to have set me at liberty. My mother, Uncle John Hampton, Jerry Simpson and others could account for every minute of my time since landing in Dudley. At the hour the murder was committed I was in the company of five or six men, all of whom were law abiding and honest.

I say that it would have been easy enough for the police to satisfy themselves that I was an innocent man, but they never went to clear a man. On the contrary, they bent their energies to prove or to try to prove the guilt of the one arrested. Uncle John was reprimanded for expressing his astonishment, and his offers of assistance to help prove my innocence were promptly refused. I was pretty well satisfied that Lord Dudley himself doubted my complicity, but the police had the case, and it was not for him to interfere.

It was not until after the funeral of Lady Dudley that I was taken to court for examination. Being only a sailor man, and never having had to do with law before except to make affidavit, I was easily upset and could not plan what to do. Uncle John and mother fixed it, however. They sent me in a lawyer, telegraphed to Liverpool for Captain Clark and got all my witnesses together. I came very near having a row with the lawyer before he had been in my cell five minutes. As soon as he had introduced himself he led off with:

"I am glad to be able to tell you that it was not a murder out of hand, but that Lady Dudley came to her death by a shock. There is no evidence that Ben Johnson laid a finger on her."

"But what have I to do with that?" I asked by way of reply.

"It is necessary, if I take your case, that we have an understanding," he said after giving me a searching look.

"I am agreeable to that. I hope you didn't come here believing me a guilty man?"

"Johnson persists in his declarations, and the police evidently believe they have a good case against you."

"Johnson and the police to hang me, and you on top of them. If you haven't more sense than the men who locked me up here, I want nothing to do with you."

"What will be our line of defense?" he calmly asked, paying no attention to my temper.

"Why, that I had no more to do with it than the chief of police himself."

"We shall have witnesses to prove an alibi, then?"

"Of course we shall. We will prove the hour I left Liverpool and my whereabouts during every hour afterward."

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The Coming Gown.
If there's one thing more certain than another about the coming gown, it is that it will be trimmed. Not just skirt alone, nor yet just bodice alone, but both will be heavily, richly and elaborately burdened with every sort of trimming. Is it that fashion, deprived of her beloved big sleeves, must have some other outlet and finds it in frills and flounces? From present indications it seems likely that plain skirts—shirts, that is to say, unembellished by ruffles or bands or tucks or even a slight drapery—will soon disappear from mortal view. As for bodices, well, sleeves may be close fitted. But what of the multitudinous flounces and shirtings and gatherings and drapings? Surely nothing short of "in full sail" describes them.

Embroidery is the most imperative of the coming gown. Have your new fall frock embroidered in however insignificant a way, and you will have given it a stamp that may not, it is true, by right belong to it, but which will mean "from Paris." And most impressive of all, it will mean that your new fall frock will cost "a sight" more than it would unembroidered. The present tendency to trimming altogether, indeed, means that people may talk about the restlessness of simplicity and the price you have to pay for exquisite plainness, but as a matter of fact that sort of thing doesn't really "come near as high" as the velvets, silks, passementerie, embroidery and other decorative devices for wheeling pence out of pockets that the present season is so industriously planning.—New York Sun.

Circuit Court, Oneida County.

KATE FIER, Plaintiff,

v. P. D. LANGDON and THE MINNESOTA LOV & TROTTER CO. (a corporation), trustee of THE MINNESOTA ST. PAUL & SISTER RIVER STATE BANK, etc. (a corporation). Defendant.

The State of Wisconsin to the said Defendants and each of them:
You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, at the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Oneida County, at the time and place when the cause will be called for trial, and there to show cause why you do not render judgment in accordance with the demand of your plaintiff, to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complainant; of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

HAROLD H. DIER, Plaintiff.

P. O. Address, 102 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

N. B. The original summons and complaint in this action was filed in the office of the clerk of this court, Sept. 22, 1896, and are now on file there.

ATTORNEYS.

ALBAN & BARNES,

Attorneys at Law.

Collections promptly attended to.

Office in Merchants State Bank building.

MILLER & McCORMICK,

Attorneys at Law.

Collections sharply looked after.

Office over First National Bank.

L. J. BILLINGS,

Attorney & Counselor.

Rhinelander, Wis.

WALKER & WALKER,

Attorneys at Law.

Office on Davenport Street.

Rhinelander, Wis.

PAUL BROWNE,

Attorney at Law.

Collections a Specialty.

Rhinelander, Wis.

A. W. SHELTON,

Attorney at Law.

Special attention paid to homestead law and contests.

Rhinelander.